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The Shape of Things

AMERICA TODAY IS AN OASIS OF PLENTY in a hungry world, and yet there are some Americans—we hope a tiny minority—who are unwilling to do anything to alleviate foreign distress that involves the slightest inconvenience or sacrifice on their part. No sooner had the President announced his bread-for-Europe plans than Representative Edwin Arthur Hall, New York Republican, introduced a resolution in Congress calling for a ban on grain and flour exports until the Secretary of Agriculture found that shortages of animal feed in certain areas had been made good, and that enough flour was available to "assure the American people the present amount of white bread." On another page Keith Hutchison reviews the world food front, showing how war and widespread crop failures have created a truly desperate situation throughout Europe and Asia. Although it is now too late to prevent terrible distress in many countries, by fulfilling our export pledges we may help to keep millions alive who will otherwise die before the next harvest. But Mr. Hall wants his white bread and doesn't care if it's seasoned with human blood. The vast majority of Americans, however, will surely repudiate this monstrous selfishness and will insist, once they understand what is at stake, that our commitments be fulfilled to the letter even if it means a decline in our present super-sufficient diet averaging 3,300 calories daily.

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WHILE MR. HALL'S REACTION TO THE FOOD crisis is by all odds the meanest, that of Alf M. Landon deserves mention as the stupidest. Criticizing the President's program, the forgotten Republican candidate of 1936 declared: "We are reaping the results of the iniquitous Morgenthau plan for defeated Germany." How on earth a policy of de-industrializing Germany, which in fact has not been adopted, could be responsible for harvest failures throughout the world Mr. Landon does not vouchsafe to explain. It could not even affect the situation in Germany itself, since the last season's crop there was in the ground before the Allies crossed the Rhine. Of course it might be argued by Mr. Landon that we ought to have postponed our offensive until the Germans had gathered in their harvest. But if haste to end the war was a mistake, surely it is General Eisenhower rather than Mr. Morgenthau who was at fault. If Mr. Landon wants to criticize the Administration for its share in the present situation, there are more rational grounds on which he can do so. President Truman and his advisers cannot escape blame for shortsightedness. As early as V-J Day there was clear evidence of a dangerous food shortage in Europe this winter. Nevertheless, rationing of everything except sugar was ended in this country with indecent haste, and no steps were taken to insure that wheat needed for food would not be diverted to less essential uses. That was a culpable error, but if Mr. Landon lifted his voice in protest at the time, the squeak escaped us.

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OMELETTES MADE OF DRIED EGGS ARE NOT very appetizing, as we can testify from personal experience. But Britons, rationed to two or three "shell eggs" a month and lucky if they got those, have found American powdered eggs a great standby. Now they are told there will be no more for the present, not because we have no eggs to spare—a glut is expected shortly—but because the British government feels that, with the exchange position so uncertain, it cannot draw on its supply of dollars for the purpose. Its anxiety on this score has no doubt been increased by Congressional delays in considering the British loan and by indications that it may not be approved for many months, if at all. Harassed British housewives, however, are asking whether other American imports should not be sacrificed first—for instance, films. They feel that while a rich cultural diet of Grable, Gable, and Garland is all very well, a little more protein would be still better.

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BY ONE OF THOSE STRANGE LEGISLATIVE quirks which constantly crop up when Senate and House disagree, the House has passed by a decisive vote a compromise full-employment bill retaining all the essential principles which only two months ago it flatly rejected. Although the term "full employment" is nowhere used, the measure commits the federal government to "use all practicable means . . . to promote maximum em-

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ployment, production, and purchasing power." In itself the bill is no guaranty of full employment, but it does set up machinery which can be used to assure jobs for all. As in the original Senate bill the President is directed to report annually to Congress on the expected levels of employment and production, as compared with the levels needed to maintain maximum employment. A fourteen-man joint Congressional committee will then study the President's recommendations and propose specific measures. To a great extent the legislation's effectiveness will depend on the men President Truman appoints as the three economic advisers for whom the bill provides. If first-class men are chosen, the President's annual report on employment prospects can be so authoritative and so dramatic that Congress will have no choice but to accept his recommendations.

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A GAG HAS BEEN IMPOSED ON POPULAR voices in the Philippines at a time when the freest discussion is needed to clarify questions of independence and reform. Manual Roxas, presidential candidate and collaborationist spokesman of the large landowners, is the chief benefactor and apparently the prime mover in this situation. The strongly anti-Roxas *Philippine Press* went out of business after being denied paper supplies and printing facilities by pro-Roxas forces. Because of their attacks on Franco and Salazar and because they advocated breaking up the large estates held by the Dominican Order, the *Star Reporter* and the *Courier* were denied press facilities by the Dominican Fathers who control the University of Santo Tomas Press. Liberal groups attempting to buy the printing press formerly used by *Yank* were outbid by Roxas's well-heeled *Daily News*, leaving the importation of machinery from America as their only hope. The American authorities, who control exports to the islands, should facilitate this shipment so that the future of the Philippines will not be determined by the loud and unopposed voices of the feudal-fascist newspapers.

*

AFTER YEARS OF DELAY THE HOUSE WAYS and Means Committee is preparing revisions to the Social Security Act to meet present-day conditions. Proposals for liberalizing and expanding the act were contained in each of President Roosevelt's annual messages for several years. The most important change recommended is the extension of unemployment and old-age protection to farm workers, domestics, the self-employed, and employees of scientific, religious, and educational institutions. On the basis of ten years' experience in administering the act, the Social Security Board also urges that unemployment-insurance benefits be increased and standardized to eliminate the present wide variations among the states; that disabled persons receive the same protection as those unable to work because of age; and that provision be made for dependents in unemployment as

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well as in old-age insurance. President Truman, on the board's recommendation, asked recently that health insurance be incorporated in the social-security system. In addition to these and other specific changes aimed at giving the American people financial protection against the hazards of modern life, a basic overhauling of the Social Security Act is required to eliminate inconsistencies and provide an integrated and comprehensive system of protection. It is impossible to predict how far the Ways and Means Committee will go: much will depend on the mail from back home.

*

STANLEY ROSS'S STORY OF PERON'S CAREER in this issue is full of facts that have dodged the other correspondents. It brings out in sharp detail the ties that bind the Argentine dictator to his Axis forbears and to the Nazis still operating in Spain and Latin America. The Argentine election next week is as important to the peace of this hemisphere as the German elections of 1932 were to the peace of Europe; Mr. Ross shows clearly how the fascist forces have prepared for victory and what they intend to do with it. The UNO Assembly will apparently adjourn without considering the issue of Argentina, but its resolution on Spain makes the continued collaboration of Franco's Latin American partner more incongruous than ever.

*

SEVERAL POINTS SHOULD BE NOTED ABOUT Panama's resolution on Spain adopted by the UNO Assembly. First, while officially endorsing the San Francisco resolution and the Potsdam declaration barring admission to the Franco government, it goes a step beyond both by recommending "that the United Nations members take into account their spirit and their letter in conducting their future relations with Spain." The meaning implicit in these cautious words is that the assembled nations are advised to break with Franco. Second, this meaning was made explicit in several of the supporting speeches. The Czech delegate, Ivo Duchacek, not only told the members to sever relations with the Franco dictatorship but went so far as to urge that the Spanish Republicans be granted affiliation with the UNO. Third, among the many speakers who favored the resolution no American was included. Fourth, while the decision of the Assembly provides good ammunition for opponents of Franco and may even throw a scare into Argentina, which apparently was "absent" when the vote was taken, it need have no effect whatsoever on governments that want to do business with Franco. Fifth, nothing in the resolution would make it difficult for its supporters to recognize a monarchist regime in Spain if one should be set up or for the UNO to admit such a regime to membership. In sum, we welcome the gesture of the Assembly as a hopeful augury and plan to keep our fingers crossed.

THE RESIGNATION OF ISADOR LUBIN AS Commissioner of Labor Statistics will further weaken the Truman Administration. Few men have served the government of this country so long and ably as Dr. Lubin. He was with the Food Administration and the War Industries Board in the last war. He was economic adviser to the Senate Committee on Education and Labor in the 1928-29 investigation of unemployment, to the Senate Committee on Manufactures in the 1931 investigation of economic planning; and to the TNEC monopoly inquiry. From 1933 on, as Commissioner of Labor Statistics, Dr. Lubin was one of the most hard-working, faithful, and understanding aides that Mr. Roosevelt had. Along with his regular job Dr. Lubin took on one crucial assignment after another for the President, beginning with his work in the PWA, down to his service in the OPM. Throughout the war he was one of the selfless and all but anonymous few who labored in the White House as close collaborators of Mr. Roosevelt. One of his final assignments was as associate United States representative on the Allied Reparations Commission. Dr. Lubin deserves his country's thanks for the hard work he has done. He is still a young man with a long and useful career ahead of him. We sincerely hope that he will some day return to the high governmental influence he deserves.

Harry Hopkins

DEMOCRATIC peoples are traditionally ungrateful, and the post mortem tributes to Harry Hopkins hardly compensate for the terrific beating he took in his lifetime. Mr. Hopkins was associated with Mr. Roosevelt longer than any other New Dealer except Henry Morgenthau. He was a well-known New York City social worker when in 1931, with nearly a million unemployed in New York State, Mr. Roosevelt made him director of the Temporary Emergency Relief Administration. From 1933 to 1938 Mr. Hopkins did for the nation's unemployed what he had done for New York's. Through the WPA, the CWA, and the FERA he provided made work for the jobless. He built and repaired schools, constructed roads, post offices, dams, and bridges, warred on illiteracy, supported special projects for the arts. One can hardly compute the sum total of human misery that this frail man helped to alleviate; his reward was a continuous snarling uproar from the press and Congress about boondoggling, leaf raking, and red plots. No man, not even Mr. Roosevelt, was ever subjected to a more narrow, cantankerous, unjust, and intemperate succession of attacks, and these without any doubt seriously affected his health.

Mr. Hopkins was far from being the radical he was painted. He was humane and progressive but no left winger. The first test of how far he would go came early

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in the Roosevelt administration when he put his foot down on the plan to have the unemployed take over mattress factories in Ohio and manufacture for themselves. The socialistic potentialities of the scheme were obvious; the idea of putting idle men at idle machines for self-help was attractive to many New Dealers. Mr. Hopkins was criticized for opposing it. No one will ever know how much that opposition sprang from his own views, how much from a healthy and realistic sense of how far the country—and Mr. Roosevelt—would let work relief go. There was a period, from 1938 to the outbreak of the war, when Hopkins was Secretary of Commerce, in which a wide rift opened between him and the brain-trust crowd. The big business men Hopkins wooed into the New Deal through his Business Advisory Council were regarded as an influence against further social reform; they were the reservoir from which were drawn many of those who served the government—not a few of them very ably and well—in production and diplomatic posts during the war.

It was the war that brought out some of Hopkins's best qualities, as negotiator, as shrewd strategist, and as the loyal and self-sacrificing right hand of the President. One can only vaguely grasp the burden those years must have put on an already sick and doomed man; the aid and consolation he must have given Mr. Roosevelt in his heavy trials. Much that history will credit to Roosevelt was really the work of Hopkins; he would be the last to grudge the glory to his great friend.

Labor in Wonderland

AMERICAN taxpayers came off rather poorly in their week's investment on Capitol Hill. They paid out well over $100,000 in Congressional salaries, not to mention operating expenses, and drew an absolute blank in services rendered. The Senate completed its fourth week of filibustering, which is the same as a work stoppage in private industry except that in the case of the Senate the strikers go right on collecting their pay. On the House side some four hundred Representatives occupied themselves with passing an extraordinarily obnoxious anti-labor bill that nobody pretended to have studied and everyone conceded had no chance of becoming the law of the land.

Scorning the Truman formula for easing management-labor relations, this measure, introduced by Representative Case from the great industrial state of South Dakota, would make the President's "cooling-off" proposal merely the initial provision in a sweeping move to restore labor to the bargaining position it enjoyed in the 1880's. While not openly repealing the Norris-LaGuardia anti-injunction law, the Case bill would make a mockery of the statute by giving any judge the right to enjoin even

"threatened violations" of the bill's provisions against the use of violence. No vivid imagination is required to conjure up the picture of a politically obligated judge seeing "threats" in a picket's frown and incitements to violence in a union rally. Most boycotts, jurisdictional strikes, and sympathy strikes would be banned, with loss of rights under the National Labor Relations Act as the penalty. Civil suits against labor and management would be permitted for "contract violations," providing a free-for-all for company lawyers and a constant threat to unions of having their funds tied up in endless litigation. Finally, supervisory workers would be denied the status of "employees" under the Labor Relations Act.

The provisions of this legislative throwback are less important than the politics that went into its passage. In the first place, the bill must have had the secret blessing of the Republican high command, since Representative Halleck of Indiana, a member of the powerful Rules Committee, was a prime mover in that body's extraordinary decision to rush the measure to the floor of the House without benefit of committee hearings. Halleck happens also to be chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. But this is an election year, and G. O. P. Congressmen with sizable labor constituencies were clearly embarrassed. They were not going to vote and die just because someone had blundered.

A curious situation developed, with some of the most virulent Republican labor-baiters in the House making painful efforts to mount the fence in a hurry. Hoffman, of Michigan, attacked the bill from the start, though his suffering was plain. It was he who opposed use of the injunction, and he did get across an amendment substituting for it the forfeiture of rights under the Wagner act. It was also Hoffman who held up the vote on the bill for twenty-four hours, and in the end he voted against it. Most of his party colleagues from industrial states shared his alarm, and modifying amendments came from such unlikely sources as Landis (Ind.), Vorys (Ohio), and Sumner (Ill.).

But even as the Republicans weakened, the Southern Democratic bloc rushed to the rescue. Smith, of Virginia, waded in with all the courage of a man whose poll-taxed vote was assured. In the best Claghorn tradition he assailed the worried Republicans for trying to

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"sabotage, sterilize, and caponize" the bill. And for two days he engaged in a meaningless clash with Hoffman, who at any other time would surely have supported the measure with all his lung power.

Moderate Democrats, like Sparkman, of Alabama, worked hard in their own right to modify the bill, but the strongly pro-labor group had another strategy. They were not merely willing but delighted to see their foes stew in a dish of their own making. The worse the bill the better they liked it, and few of them bothered to offer amendments. "We wanted to beat down all anti-labor substitutes, including the Truman proposal," said Marcantonio in an extreme statement of this position. Tongue in cheek, the American Labor Party representative even came to the aid of tory Representative Church, of Illinois, when the chair ruled that his amendment to outlaw political activity by trade unions was not germane. "This amendment is germane," the New Yorker protested, "It helps crucify labor, and that's what the bill is for."

In this fantasy of reactionary Republicans sabotaging their own reactionary bill, of Southern Democrats embracing it as their own, and of liberal Democrats egging their opponents on to newer and greater follies, it remained for Representative Patterson, of California, to add the Alice in Wonderland touch of innocence. "You know it is a political gesture," said Alice, in some bewilderment. "You know the Senate won't pass it, and the President won't sign it." As though, in an election year, such a thought had ever entered anyone's head!

Emerging from the even more acrid climate at the other end of the Capitol, where the FEPC was being laid to rest by its filibustering pallbearers, Senator Morse declared himself "sick of the farce." He plans to tour the nation to tell the public it "must decide whether we are going to have representative government in the U. S. A." We will as long as the public understands that the only remedy for a bad Congress is better Congressmen.

Stalin Reports

IN HIS eve-of-election address to the Russian people Joseph Stalin rendered an account of the Communist Party's stewardship couched in such terms as to suggest a reply to domestic even more than to foreign critics of his regime. Justifying the relentless pursuit of industrial and military preparedness in the past, he indicated that in the immediate future more attention would be paid to living standards. The final aim of making the Soviet Union an industrial power equal to any remains unchanged, but, it would seem, there is to be a slackening in tempo, a pause for consolidation, during which the masses may hope to reap some material rewards for their patient and heroic sacrifices.

Asking, in effect, that the Communist Party be judged on its record, Premier Stalin pointed to a number of conclusions that could be drawn from Russia's victory over its enemies. That victory, he said, had demonstrated the "complete vitality" of the Soviet system and refuted the assertions of foreigners by proving it to be a better form of social organization than any non-Soviet system. It had proved also the strength and vitality of a "multi-national state," contradicting those who had maintained that under stress it would collapse as did the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Finally, he added, victory had brought universal recognition of the Red Army's might and efficiency.

But, Stalin continued, bravery and skill alone could not win victories. In addition, an adequate industrial structure was necessary, and it was this that the three Five-Year Plans had provided. Under the leadership of the Communist Party the country had been transformed from an agrarian into an industrial state and production of basic raw materials had doubled and redoubled. This achievement would have been impossible had they not "reversed the usual path of industrialization," beginning with heavy instead of light industries, and, despite resistance, used collectivist methods to create a "large-scale agricultural economy." Thanks to these preparations, the Soviet armament factories had been able to meet the challenge of Hitler's war machine and produce colossal amounts of material, assuring the army against any shortage.

From this explanation and justification of past policies, Stalin turned to the future program of the Communist Party. The emphasis of the next Five-Year Plan, he said, would be on reconstruction, but in the very near future rationing would be abolished and special attention would be "focused on expanding the production of goods for mass consumption." He also promised, significantly, concentration on scientific research of all kinds, enabling Soviet science to overtake that of other lands. Was this passage a reflection of popular concern lest Russia lag behind the West, a concern which may have been enhanced by the accounts of Red Army men returning from Central Europe?

Stalin's speech ended with an appeal for a vote of confidence in the general election. That vote was, of course, a foregone conclusion. Communist and "non-party" candidates were united in a single block and but one candidate was nominated in any district. The only way voters could express lack of confidence, therefore, was by abstention or turning in a blank ballot. We write before the counting of the votes but can safely predict an overwhelming triumph for the Communists. Nevertheless, it seems clear that the party is not entirely happy about its preordained success and hopes to distil from the returns some evidence about its real standing with the Soviet masses.

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Some News to Cheer

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, February 10

ALTHOUGH Mr. Truman is taking a deserved beating on his ignominious appointments, the outlook in the capital at the moment is brighter than it has been since he took office. The new housing program is all that could have been asked for, and the President deserves the highest praise for sponsoring it. Labor peace really seems to be just around the corner. The steel-price settlement may prove unpalatable to the progressive and the hard-headed, but there was every reason to believe this week-end that a new and firm price line might be established and OPA Director Chester A. Bowles, the bright hope of the Administration, given ample power to hold that line. Last-minute changes are always possible, but at present it looks as if the President's well-meaning but fumbling friend, John W. Snyder, director of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, were in eclipse.

In a way it is a pity that Mr. Truman did not go on the radio with the new housing program instead of releasing it in so humdrum a fashion for the Saturday morning papers. A little showmanship would have given the whole country a badly needed lift. For while all of us grant the President's good intentions, we miss the sense of inspiration and leadership that Mr. Roosevelt provided. Yet this housing program is as bold, as comprehensive, as imaginative in its field as anything the Roosevelt Administration did. Mr. Truman even had a good phrase. He said that in calling Wilson Wyatt to Washington five weeks before to work out a housing program he gave Wyatt only one instruction—"to make no little plans." Presentation of the Wyatt report in a fireside chat would have made people feel that the man in the White House could tackle a big emergency in a big way.

The Wyatt program, in which some of the remaining New Dealers of the town had a hand, completely abandons the notion that emergency shortages can be cured by jacking up prices. In effect, it proposes to apply to the housing problem all the various devices used during the war to facilitate war production. First of all, the program sets a sizable and satisfactory goal—2,700,000 moderate- and low-cost homes to be started by the end of next year. The magnitude of the project may be measured by the fact that in 1925, the peak year for home construction in this country, only some 900,000 dwellings were built. Happily Mr. Wyatt was not indulging in mere rhetoric when he reported to the President that it would take "a dynamic program to achieve this goal," that "neither business as usual, labor as usual, building as usual, nor government as usual" would suffice.

Mr. Wyatt proposes nothing less than a permanent expansion of building capacity in this country. Thus he strikes at once at the "overproduction" bugaboo that has held back both capital and labor in the field. Mr. Wyatt has won the approval of the American Federation of Labor for the recruitment and training of 1,500,000 additional building workers; that he has done so reflects great credit on the A. F. of L. At the same time, by premium payments, subsidies, accelerated amortization for new facilities, conversion of certain war plants, and direct government aid to prefabricated housing, Mr. Wyatt intends similarly to expand productive capacity for housing. His justification is that new housing generally has run far behind demand; in 1934, for example, there were half a million more new families than homes; in 1941 there was a deficit of 300,000 homes. He points out in addition that 10,500,000 existing homes are substandard "and must and can be replaced in a healthy full-production economy." On this basis, the housing industry can easily absorb twice as much capital and twice as much labor as it has in the past.

To meet the immediate emergency Mr. Wyatt outlines a flexible program under which the general price line for construction will be held, while realistic adjustments of wages and prices will be made where needed. The government will take the lead in breaking bottlenecks, not by mere price rises, but by subsidizing and planning expanded production of the scarce items. And instead of the present $10,000 ceiling on new homes, Mr. Wyatt intends to aim at dwellings to cost not more than $6,000 each and to rent for not more than $50 a month. This is the kind of housing veterans and war workers need. The acuteness of the emergency is indicated by the general approval given this vigorous program. The only dissenting voice comes from the producers of lumber and other materials, who want price increases only. But even Judge John C. Collet, our hopelessly inadequate Economic Stabilization Administrator, told a Senate committee recently that price increases had proved futile as a spur to lumber production, that output had fallen steadily since 1941 despite four price rises.

It is important to recall that the housing situation is as bad as it is because of the poor advice given the President last fall by Mr. Snyder. Mr. Snyder is also to blame for the President's current difficulties with steel. The Reconversion Director has not only made it diffi-

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cult for the White House to give the steel industry much less than $5 a ton, but it looks as if Snyder and Truman have been duped into a steel-price increase of that amount "across the board." The sensible method to raise steel prices would have been by a graduated increase, allowing less on basic steel and more on fabricated steel. The big integrated companies like Bethlehem and United States Steel, which produce both ingot and fabricated products, need less than the fabricating firms which have to buy steel in basic or semi-processed form. To allow $5 a ton "across the board" will make it necessary to give additional price relief to the fabricators. This means that the big companies will get price relief at both ends, and a $5 increase of this kind will probably amount to about $7.50 a ton for them. It seems that through bad advice and the poorest kind of bargaining tactics, the President is now so firmly committed that the steel companies will get a price rise generously tailored to suit the big fellows.

Perhaps it is the growing White House recognition of just what Snyder has done that lies behind the current willingness (1) to let Bowles write his own ticket on a new price line, (2) to make him Economic Stabilization Director, independent of Snyder, and (3) to authorize him to grant price relief only where it is proved necessary instead of as a general rise. This, according to reliable sources, is the program to which the White House has agreed at the moment. Let's hope it sticks. With Bowles as head of the OES and Paul Porter as his second in command in the OPA post, there is a fighting chance to keep inflation under control.

The only factor that keeps my fingers crossed is the President's intense desire to save face for his friend Snyder. The whole plan for the Bowles shift was one of Washington's best-kept secrets until the story suddenly leaked to the press Friday night. There is some reason to believe that the leak came from no less a personage than Bob Hannegan, a Missouri politician, but a politician with his ear to the ground, who has been disturbed by the reverberations of Mr. Snyder's incapacity. It is no secret here that Hannegan and Democratic leadership "on the hill" have been anxious to supersede Mr. Snyder; some of his appearances before Congressional committees have been appallingly inept. Until now the President has refused to listen to complaints about Mr. Snyder. Let's hope he is listening now.

Washington's Atomic War

BY TRIS COFFIN

Commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting Company

Washington, February 4

A HARD, rough-and-tumble fight over atomic energy is breaking through the surface in Washington. The issue is simple: who shall control the development and use of atomic energy—civilians or the military? Secretary of Commerce Henry Wallace regards this as the great moral battle of our age. He told the Senate Atomic Energy Committee, "At no time in the history of the United States has it been more important to follow the constitutional pattern of subordinating the armed services to civilian representatives of the people." And so far the military are way out in front. They control atomic energy, and by shrewd manipulation they have arranged to keep a firm hold even if formal control is shifted to civilians.

The GHQ of the military is the sprawling Pentagon Building across the Potomac River. There Major General Leslie Groves, pudgy boss of the Manhattan Project, marshals his forces and lays out strategy. This gentleman has what amounts to the most influential position in the world. By his grip on atomic energy General Groves can deeply affect our foreign policy and the future of the United Nations Organization. He can also dominate the industrial future of this country.

The General's rise to power was largely accidental. He was selected to procure materials needed for the Manhattan Project and, incidentally, to see that military security was maintained. Groves was never expected to influence policy. That was the prerogative of President Roosevelt, who was very jealous of sharing power in this important field. He certainly never intended that General Groves, who was an army lieutenant for more than ten years, should tell him what to do. With the death of Roosevelt, President Truman, new at the job, and bewildered, asked the advice of the man nominally in charge of the Manhattan Project. General Groves became the White House adviser on atomic energy.

Although Groves is not a popular man, even at the War Department, he has potent allies, men who may not like him but are in the same boat. Among them are the Joint Chiefs of Staff, several of the so-called scientific administrators—such as Dr. Vannevar Bush, lanky head of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, and Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard University—and many big industrialists associated with the Manhattan District. The opposition is less cohesive and less strategically organized. The loosely knit group includes Dr. Harold Urey, eminent atomic scientist and passion-

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ate proponent of civilian control; two Cabinet members, Secretaries Wallace and Ickes; young Senator Brien McMahon of Connecticut, chairman of the Senate Atomic Energy Committee; the earnest, hard-working young men of the Federation of Atomic Scientists; and certain factions within the State Department.

General Groves

The tactic of the military has been shrewd and practical. It is to keep a tight hold on the Manhattan Project and, while Congress and the White House stew over the final disposition of atomic control, to lay plans for dominating whatever civilian-control scheme may be developed. The Groves men pulled a fast play in January, so fast that almost nobody noticed or commented on it. On January 7 the State Department issued an innocuous little press release. It said, "Anticipating favorable action by the United Nations Organization on the proposal for the establishment of a commission to consider the problems arising as to the control of atomic energy and other weapons of possible mass destruction, the Secretary of State has appointed a committee of five members to study the subject of controls and safeguards necessary to protect this government so that the persons hereafter selected to represent the United States on the commission can have the benefit of the study." The members of the committee named in the release are Under Secretary of State Dean Acheson, chairman; John T. McCloy, former Assistant Secretary of War; Dr. Vannevar Bush; Dr. James B. Conant; and General Groves.

Mr. Acheson's friends say that he was puzzled when he read of this committee in the press. Apparently he had not been consulted beforehand. Mr. McCloy is an able, rather liberal man of good intentions, but he has been associated with the military and its point of view throughout the war. His job as Assistant Secretary was to ease the frictions constantly arising between the War Department and civilian agencies. Dr. Bush has never made any secret of his attitude. He has stood consistently with General Groves and the War Department against the rank and file of atomic scientists. They refer to him contemptuously as "in General Groves's pocket." Dr. Conant is likewise associated with the military. He and Dr. Bush were two of the five witnesses who appeared before the McMahon committee in support of that creature of the War Department, the May-Johnson bill.

Three weeks after the original release, another mimeographed handout was laid on the big table in the State Department press room. This announced the appointment of a committee which would advise the Acheson committee on technical aspects of atomic power. The members of the new group are David E. Lilienthal, head of the TVA, chairman; J. Robert Oppenheimer, the brilliant atomic scientist; Chester R. Barnard, president of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company; Charles A. Thomas, vice-president of the Monsanto Chemical Company; and Harold A. Winne, vice-president of General Electric.

Mr. Lilienthal is well known as an able and liberal administrator. Dr. Oppenheimer is an individualist, a charming and entertaining one. No one has ever been quite sure where he stood on military versus civilian control, although he did indicate support of the May-Johnson bill. Mr. Barnard is an engineer who rose to the executive ranks and has dabbled briefly in public life as a member of the New Jersey Unemployment Relief Commission. Both Mr. Thomas and Mr. Winne are alleged to be "Groves men." The General suggested Mr. Thomas as a witness before the Senate Atomic Energy Committee, and it is reported that Monsanto, which Mr. Thomas represents, has offered General Groves a job. Mr. Winne is supposed to have been briefed by Groves before testifying at the Atomic Energy Committee hearing.

I asked Mr. Byrnes at a recent press conference, "Were you or the State Department consulted on the decision to continue the manufacture of atomic bombs?" He seemed surprised, even startled. He paused, reflected a few seconds, then replied thoughtfully, "No, we were not." Perhaps it did not occur to him that there were political implications in playing with the most dangerous kind of fire.

The opposition was slow to get started, but it is learning fast under the guidance of Senator McMahon, who has pulled the group together and is directing political strategy. Mr. Wallace brought the issue before the people in his testimony before the committee on January 31. He argued earnestly for civilian control of atomic energy at "the earliest possible moment." He supported the McMahon bill and said of it, "The provisions are consistent with our traditions of democracy and would place control of development of this new tremendous force in the hands of agents directly responsible to the people. Such democratic control is essential to prevent undesirable forms of authoritarianism or military dictatorship on the home front." Mr. Ickes, at an earlier hearing, grumbled loudly against military control. He said, "A democracy cannot afford to keep secrets from itself. I object to making a scientist get permission from an army officer to analyze an atom. I hope our victory will not lead to the military control of science and industry."

With these two Cabinet members on record, Senator McMahon called an executive meeting of the committee

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and found that the members, generally, favored civilian control. Then he hustled down to the White House for a conference with President Truman. He laid the facts on the table and tactfully suggested that now was the time for the President to make a clear-cut statement on his position.

It came like a bolt out of the blue to the army crowd. In a letter to Senator McMahon Mr. Truman said: (1) The atomic-control commission should be composed "exclusively of civilians." (2) "The government must be the exclusive owner and producer of fissionable materials." (3) "It is essential that devices utilizing atomic energy be made fully available for private development through compulsory, non-exclusive licensing of private patents, and regulation of royalty fees to insure their reasonableness." (4) "Legislation must assure genuine freedom to conduct independent research and guarantee that controls over the dissemination of information will not stifle scientific research." (5) "The [proposed] commission should be in a position to carry out at once any international agreements relating to inspection, control of production, dissemination of information, and similar areas of international action."

The Truman letter and the smooth maneuvering of Senator McMahon have put the Groves men on the spot. They cannot lobby openly against the McMahon bill. Their propaganda campaign to revive the May-Johnson bill, which even Mr. Johnson refers to sheepishly as "the so-called May-Johnson bill," has been nipped in the bud. What is left for them is undercover sniping. And there is always, as a last resort, the possibility of putting pressure on President Truman to name "right guys" to the atomic commission.

The President left the door wide open in his letter. While he said the commission should be composed of civilians, he inserted one dangerous sentence, "This should not be interpreted to disqualify former military personnel from membership." Leslie Groves, civilian, is not likely to think differently from Major General Groves. The battle has not been won.

Perón: South American Hitler

BY STANLEY ROSS

Correspondent for the Associated Press in Buenos Aires from 1943 to 1945. Mr. Ross has also written on Argentina for Collier's, *the* American, *and other magazines.*

UNLESS something unforeseen happens to prevent it, Colonel Juan D. Perón will be "elected" President of Argentina on February 24. And he will remain ruler of that rich nation until ejected by death or revolution.

Against Perón are the four main democratic parties—Radicals, Socialists, Progressive Democrats, and Communists, the Radicals alone controlling a majority of the nation's votes under a fair ballot. Against him, too, are the greater part of the middle class, the students, probably three-fifths of organized labor, and those vested interests of Argentina which are not controlled by German or British big business. But it will take more than even this formidable combination of interests to oust Perón, for the Colonel is a fearless and resourceful man, determined to win the "election" by ballots or bullets.

Juan Perón must not be mistaken for just another Latin American dictator with a nickle-plated personality and an ironclad conscience. He is providing safe haven for a band of international bankers, munitions makers, cartel directors, and war-mongers who have transferred their headquarters from the former Axis capitals to Buenos Aires, together with their fortunes, formulas, and blueprints. At home Perón is supported by an armored police force as powerful as the army, by the Catholic church, and by the political *caudillos* who for sixteen years have counted votes their own way, or never bothered to count them.

Perón first appeared on the international scene when he was Argentine military attaché in Chile. One night in 1936 police broke into his apartment in Santiago and caught him turning over British and Chilean military secrets to a German agent. He was expelled from Chile, and to his chagrin learned later that the "secrets," for which he had reputedly paid 70,000 pesos, were spurious anyway. The incident, however, did not ruin his career; in 1939 his government attached him to the German army, and for two years he stamped over Europe, goose-stepping into Paris with the conquering Nazis. Then he returned home to plan the seizure of his own government and lay the basis for a group of Nazi-dominated governments in Latin America.

This plan is still in effect, sponsored by the same influences which nurtured Hitler and Mussolini—the Krupps, Fritz Thyssen, Fritz Mandl, I. G. Farben, Siemens, Sofina, vast enterprises with semi-autonomous branches all over the world. These interests, with a cache of seven billion dollars of war loot hidden or invested in Argentina, cannot afford to have Perón overthrown at the polls or anywhere else.

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Perón has kept Argentina on the verge of civil war since he returned from Germany in 1941 and founded a secret lodge of some fifty colonels and majors known as the G. O. U. (Group of United Officers). Its program was to "replace the moribund sinecurist generals and corrupt, fraudulent politicans." Its secret statement of aims, written by Perón one month before the lodge seized the government, outlines a plan for conquest and coalition that would make Argentina the ruling nation of the continent. "The struggle of Hitler in peace and war shall be our guide," runs one of the slogans.

For nine months after the G. O. U. became the government Perón allowed President Pedro P. Ramirez, a colorless general, to get the grit out of the political machinery. But his innate craving for recognition finally caused him to step out from behind the Presidential chair to a position in front of it. On one occasion he modestly said, "I take orders from President Ramirez. I am merely a soldier." A week later, scenting a Ramirez plot to seize actual power, he pounded his chest and told reporters: "This is the government of the G. O. U. and I am the G. O. U.! In my desk I have the signed undated resignations of 3,300 of the army's 3,600 officers, and the others do not matter."

This incident followed Argentina's diplomatic rupture with the Axis, on January 26, 1944. Perón had vigorously opposed the break until the United States South Atlantic fleet moved ominously into the La Plata estuary; he then reluctantly consented. But when he learned that Ramirez's Foreign Minister, General Alberto Gilbert, was planning economic measures against the Germans in Argentina, he stalked furiously into the Foreign Ministry, drew his sword, and ran Gilbert out of the building and the Cabinet.

Deprived of Gilbert's support, President Ramirez made a desperate attempt to oust the G. O. U. On the afternoon of February 25 he ordered the resignation of War Minister General Edelmiro J. Farrell and of Farrell's "assistant," Perón. Farrell obeyed. Perón did not. Instead, he fixed the President's messenger coldly with his eye and said, "Inform the unhappy ones who sent you that they will never get me out of here alive!"

That night six of Perón's generals burst into Ramirez's study, guns in hand, and forced him to sign over his powers to Perón's gawky puppet, General Farrell.

Since then Perón has been boss. Deftly he maintains his power and plays off his enemies against one another. He has flirted with capital and labor, with the moderates, the conservatives, and the leftists, and all along has been in close contact with the Nazis. He has brewed elaborate plots causing Cabinet convulsions by which sixty ministers were cast out in two years. When he realized that he could not gain full control of the army, he began to sap its strength, building up the Buenos Aires and federal police forces, famous for their brutality. The mechanized police, reinforced by countless discharged soldiers, numbers 40,000 and is a compact organization; the army has been cut to 60,000 and is spread over the country. Furthermore the army is controlled by the Condor Legion, a Nazi-trained Gestapo through which Perón learns of and aborts incipient revolts. Among its advisers is Major General Hans Steudemann, who fled from Berlin as the Allied armies approached—Steudemann is one of a group of German officers now working for Perón under Argentine names with citizenship papers to match. This powerful police force stood Perón in good stead last October, when his own ranks were so weakened by his treatment of the army that a group of youthful officers forced him out of his four Cabinet posts and jailed him for two days. With the aid of the police Perón escaped and announced his candidacy for the Presidency.

Today, with mutiny still festering in the army, and the country threatened with civil war, Perón is determined to remain ruler of Argentina. He has risked his life many times in the past forty years to get within striking distance of his goal, and I do not think he will be removed alive.

PRIVATE LIFE

Perón was born fifty years ago on the *estancia* of his father, a geologist and pioneer settler in bleak and icy Patagonia. As a boy he fought the local Indian youths, broke wild broncos, lassoed ostriches and wild animals with the gaucho's *bolas*. He forded icy streams in subzero weather, then raced against the wind until his *bombachas* froze stiff. At sixteen he was sent to military college, where he was an indifferent student but a crack soldier. His classmates called him "the man who invented work."

As a sublieutenant Perón's trigger temper and criticism of army red tape brought him before a court martial, where he had to prove he was not a Communist. Only the knowledge that he was fencing champion of the army, a title he held for sixteen years, restrained his fellow-officers from challenging him to frequent duels. A first lieutenant at twenty, for a decade he was shunted about among the less desirable posts of the interior until he was admitted to the Superior War College. By 1929, as a captain attached to the General Staff, Perón had become a serious student of tactics, attracting the fancy of General Wilhelm Faupel of the German army.

General Faupel had been sent to Argentina in 1911 by the German General Staff, which even then was planning eventual conquest of Latin America. Faupel became in turn secretary to the Argentine Inspector General and a general in the Brazilian, Chilean, and Peruvian armies. It was Faupel who later persuaded Franco to start the Spanish civil war, promising German aid, and it was Faupel who in 1930 piloted his disciple, Inspector General José Felix Uriburu, into the Argentine Presidency in a revolution that set the pattern for army dictatorships throughout Latin America during the thirties.

Faupel at the time helped Perón become Assistant

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Minister of War in the Uriburu Cabinet—the same job Perón took when his G. O. U. came to power thirteen years later in an almost exact repetition of the Uriburu revolt. Under Faupel's guidance Perón became instructor in military history and strategy at the Superior War College. He wrote two textbooks so smacking of the Prussian strategist Clausewitz, whose "On War" was the military bible of the Junkers, that he has been accused of plagiarism. In one book Perón concludes that "war is an inevitable social phenomenon"; in the other he defends Germany in the First World War, blaming the United States for the Kaiser's defeat and urging Argentina to insure United States neutrality when Argentina eventually goes to war. During peace time, he said, "the country must have the army of its politics or the politics of its army. The political aspirations of a nation are as strong as the army's power to achieve them." He advised preparation not for war in general but for "a particular war."

What particular war Perón is preparing for is hard to say, although he has for the first time in Argentine history fortified the Chilean border and has stationed troops along the Brazilian frontier. When the G. O. U. came to power in 1943, Argentina had an army of 50,000 men, a large but outdated navy, and an air force with fifty first-class planes. The military budget that year had been only 260,000,000 pesos. In 1945 Perón spent 2,000,000,000 pesos on the army, swelling the national budget from 1,525,000,000 to 3,550,000,000 pesos to do it. In the early months of 1945 the army contained nearly 100,000 men, and 120 factories are today producing weapons from German blueprints.

Even the 40,000,000 pesos collected by public subscription for the victims of the earthquake which destroyed the mountain city of San Juan in January, 1944, were diverted to Perón's arms program. The Colonel's campaign for aid for San Juan residents had been so intense that people referred to the city as "San Juan de Perón." Later the stories changed tone. One relates that when the actress Eva Duarte came home one day she found a mink coat on her bed. "Now what saint in heaven could have brought this?" she exclaimed. Perón, behind the curtains, stuck out his head and replied, "San Juan."

The Colonel has just ended a two-year *affaire* and ten years of widowerhood by marrying the twenty-six-year-old Eva and moving her into a mansion near Buenos Aires, where a pair of society spinsters are teaching her the manners of a first lady of the land. Until the marriage Perón and Evita occupied separate apartments in the same building in a middle-class section of Buenos Aires. Perón still keeps his home there—a modest, airy, five-room apartment which he shares with his daughter, Maria Inez, and an ancient halfbreed housekeeper named Koming, who raised Perón as a child in Patagonia. Perón is very fond of his nineteen-year-old daughter, who, like his bride, is an auburn-haired beauty. He usually lunches with Maria Inez at the apartment, with Maria herself waiting on the table, singing aloud and chatting gaily.

The Colonel leads a brisk life. He jumps out of bed at six, exercises for half an hour, and reads the mail and newspapers, finishing them while being driven to his election-campaign offices in Buenos Aires. There he sheds his tie and jacket and works feverishly until 1:30, interviewing, dictating, scanning documents, preparing speeches. After lunch and a short siesta at the apartment he works until 9 or 10 p. m. and if he has no speech to make or meeting to attend, takes papers home and goes on working until long after midnight. Busy as he is, he always manages to look impeccably groomed, his dark hair combed back, his nails manicured. Women admire his physique—six feet tall, a stocky 210 pounds—his winning smile, and his flashing black eyes; his face is round with a sharp nose and high forehead. Men admire him for his horsemanship, boxing, skiing, and fencing, and most people are influenced by his concentrated speech, firm voice, and well-chosen words, which he underlines with voice and hands. Foreigners like him because he enjoys a joke on himself, which is refreshing in a country where people take themselves seriously.

Perón has gone to extreme lengths to increase his popularity. He enters dirty neighborhood cafes and shares cheap red wine and bad jokes with workmen; he even attended funeral rites for a laborer killed in an anti-Perón demonstration—a brave act though he was surrounded by scores of plain-clothes men.

COURTSHIP OF LABOR

The Colonel's courtship of labor has alternated with mass arrests, torture and imprisonment of labor leaders, abolition of unions which refused to cooperate. Now the old labor organizations have disappeared into the underground, leaving only Perón's Labor Party. The Colonel's skill in undermining opposition, together with the emergence of the industrial workers as a major political factor, will give him an important block of votes on February 24. The 400,000 industrial workers in Argentina in 1930 have become 1,000,000, of whom perhaps 40 per cent are devoted followers of Perón while the others hate him blindly.

Perón's labor campaign is coached by Fritz Mandl, ex-Austrian munitions magnate with a record of applied fascism which culminated in the massacre of the Vienna Social Democrats in February, 1934. Mandl's subtle hand can be seen in the case of Jose Tesorieri, secretary of the union of government employees, who was jailed in October, 1943, because he signed a petition asking the government to break diplomatic relations with Germany. After five months of softening-up treatment in the Villa Devoto political prison, while his family lived on charity, Tesorieri was released and restored to his job on condi-

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tion that he speak for Perón at public meetings. He told a friend that he had intended to flee the country as soon as released but that his family was hostage. From constantly repeating praises of Perón he has apparently begun to believe what he says and has tried hard to get his friends in the Railroad Brotherhood to jump on the band-wagon.

The railroadmen have been Perón's toughest labor opponents. They applauded his promises of higher pay and bonuses but thumpingly defeated his candidates in the brotherhood elections in favor of a slate of unknown laborers whom he had thought harmless enough to allow to enter the race. The Colonel set aside the elections, charging the winners were Communists and should be jailed. When new elections were held, with only Perón's men as candidates, the voters shunned the polls so generally that Perón's men did not get enough votes to legalize their appearance on the ballots, and a slate of write-ins—this time real Communists—carried the election.

Perón

Perón's thick-skinned Secretariat of Labor then circulated a huge embossed book with blank pages for the 200,000 railroadmen's signatures to a statement thanking the Colonel for his beneficence to organized labor. The book came back without a single signature, word having been passed that if Perón's few admirers in the brotherhood signed it, they would wish they hadn't.

Despite his tactics Perón has given labor advantages its union leaders never gained in decades of campaigning. He has decreed minimum wages and decent living conditions for agricultural workers who for centuries have lived in feudal peonage; white-collar workers, newspapermen, shop girls, and factory hands have obtained raises, vacations, and healthful working conditions. The most recent decree, ordering all concerns to raise wages approximately 30 per cent, was received with wild acclaim by even those workers who hate the Colonel. It has become a prime campaign weapon of the Labor Party, created to sponsor Perón's candidacy.

The Labor Party launched its campaign on December 14, 1945, before 100,000 persons gathered around the obelisk in the center of Buenos Aires. The meeting was a masterpiece of organization. Factories were closed at the suggestion of the police, and fleets of trucks and buses transported workers to the appointed place. Some 40,000 government employees, including 10,000 plainclothes police, were obliged to attend; the crowd was ringed by two cordons of uniformed police. Especially large was the representation from the manufacturing city of Avellaneda, adjoining Buenos Aires, whose political boss, Alberto Barcelo, head of the city's labor and graft rackets, has thrown in his lot with Perón. (In one Avellaneda district Barcelo's men do not even open the ballot boxes. They prepare substitute sets of stuffed boxes and merely burn the genuine ones when the polls close.) After wild demonstrations for their favorite, the crowd paraded through the capital shouting the phrases the nationalists had drummed into their ears for the past two years: "Argentines yes; Yankees no!" "Death to the Jews!" "Perón yes; Braden no!" "*Mate* yes; whiskey no!"

But well coordinated as are Perón's meetings, his principal weapon is the organized disorder, so reminiscent of the Nazis, that rears its head every time democratic elements gather in the public squares. Small disturbances start in the suburbs and spread toward the center of the city, increasing in violence until they reach the meeting place. There armed youths of the Nationalist Youth Alliance fire from roof tops or public buildings into the crowd and cause such confusion that the police find it expedient to finish the job by speeding trucks through the square, spraying the people with tear gas, and having mounted men ride them down with sabers swinging. It took only 200 armed Peronistas to break up the Democratic Union rally of 200,000 on December 8, when four persons were killed and forty injured.

OPPONENTS AND SUPPORTERS

The opposition to Perón is disrupted by such tactics and further handicapped because its only cohesive force is its dislike of the Colonel. Peronista agents, plentifully supplied with money for bribes, have even wormed their way into the nation-wide democratic underground, Patria Libre. The military branch of Patria Libre, the Movimiento de Liberación Nacional, has been all but destroyed by the Condor Legion.

In the election Perón will be opposed by a rather colorless ex-senator named José P. Tamborini, whose backing by the four major parties has deeply impressed the army. Many officers are angered by Perón's alliances with the political bosses whose corrupt practices he had assailed in rallying officers for the revolution. His bids for labor support have alienated many others, for most officers come from the landowning families. They are now concerned over his plan to confiscate and divide among the peons the 80,000-acre *estancia* of Robustiano Patron Costas, standard bearer of the National Democratic (conservative) Party. Patron Costas was to have been the Presidential candidate of the landed oligarchy just before the G. O. U. took over. And although the conservatives are not included in the Democratic Union, they are strongly opposed to Perón. Last month the party charged that the military government was spending pub-

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lic funds and using police power in an open political campaign for the Colonel. It proved that the government printing presses were turning out propaganda written by Perón's four hundred publicity men, all on the public pay roll.

But it is doubtful whether these conservative officers can counterbalance the strength and determination of Perón's backers—though one young captain among them told an officers' meeting he would personally kill Perón if the elections were not honest. Perón is supported by President Farrell, long on the pay roll of the German Club; Vice-President Juan Pistarini, whom Hitler decorated with the Order of the German Eagle; Chief of Staff Carlos von der Becke, brother of the chief Nazi agent in South America; and Police Chief Colonel Filomeno Velasco. Every one of these four men has spent at least two years with the German army.

Velasco, most rabidly Nazi of them all, has a reputation for cruelty and falseness; it is said of him that "he uses lies as women use perfume." At the very moment that police were breaking into the home of the last university rector still at liberty, he was blandly telling newspapermen that no rectors were being arrested. On the same night in October the editors of *La Prensa* and *La Nación* were also dragged off to jail, as were two former Foreign Ministers, one of them Carlos Saavedra Lamas, winner of the 1936 Nobel peace prize.

The truth is that Velasco and Perón are beginning to fear the public temper. Revolutions are born of hunger and misery, and there is little hunger in overfed Buenos Aires, but beneath layers of materialistic fat the Argentines are a brave and liberty-loving people. Since last September, when half a million people marched past the War Ministry chanting "Death to Perón," the Colonel has watched popular feeling rise, and he is racing against time to get the elections over.

WHAT KIND OF RULER WILL HE MAKE?

If Perón's plans are successful, what can be expected of him as a ruler? One cannot tell from what he says. He calls himself a liberal but in the same breath asserts, "My government is one of might, not right." He fought like a madman against a diplomatic break with the Axis during the war, yet a week later said to a friend, "The Allies are going to win this war, so we might as well make friends with them."

In trying to obtain Radical Party support he promised to restore civilian government, but on the same day he sent to G. O. U. members "Secret Memorandum No. 10" assuring them the army would keep its lush political jobs. Patria Libre published this memorandum in an underground newspaper, and Perón, purple with rage, announced to the G. O. U., "If I find the officer who released that memorandum I'll have him shot!"

Flirting with Argentine big business, Perón has assured the Stock Exchange and the Agricultural Society that he stands for the defense of their interests against communism. A year ago he invited leading capitalists to a banquet to bid for their aid. But when their spokesmen flatly said he was a greater menace than the Argentine brand of communism, the Colonel broke up the dinner by shouting, "It doesn't matter if you or the people are against me! I have created security for the workers, and I have double security for myself—an army of 100,000 men. Who can get me out of the government? Who dares start a revolution? You say you have 95 per cent of the people? Well, I have 95 per cent of the army. If you think you can overthrow my 95 per cent with yours, I dare you to try it!"

The following week 862 of Argentina's 937 business, banking, industrial, and agricultural associations published large advertisements excoriating his regime. The Colonel retaliated with a clamp-like press censorship and openly boasted that the army and "that other great army of laborers" could crush any insurrection.

Probably Perón's most sincere statements were those he made on the eve of the G. O. U. revolution. The army under him, he said, would become the instrument of Argentina's destiny, conquering by force of arms what José de San Martín, father of Argentine independence, failed to win by persuasion. Alliances would be the next step. "We already have Paraguay; we have Bolivia and Chile. With Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, and Paraguay, it will be easy to exert pressure on Uruguay. These five nations will easily attract Brazil, because of its form of government and the large nucleus of Germans. Brazil fallen, the South American continent will be ours!" "The people," he said, "must be inculcated with the necessary spirit through books, radio, press, and schools, with the collaboration of the church.

Starting with the schools, the army regime has plastered the blackboards with nationalistic slogans, and more than a year ago Perón ordered all children over twelve to have military drill and instruction in nationalism. School children are required daily to recite such slogans as "The Fatherland is always right" and "Argentina for Argentines only." Perón paints a picture of world conquest so enticing that already many patriotic boys worship him as fanatically as the German youth did Hitler. They sing his anthem, "The Fourth of June," and wear his emblem, a black condor with wings outstretched, almost a counterpart of the German eagle.

The Catholic church has been successfully wooed with a decree that Catholic religious instruction shall be given in the schools by priests, a practice eliminated from the public-school system fifty years ago when Argentine education was reorganized along lines drawn by Horace Mann. As War Minister, Perón has commissioned the Virgin Mary and a dozen other Saintly Virgins as full generals in the Argentine army. Their images are decorated with the insignia of their rank, and every soldier who passes a church containing one of the brass-bedecked

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statues must halt and salute. The ecclesiastical authorities have publicly announced their support of Perón and instructed the people to vote against candidates of the Democratic Union because it includes the Communists.

Perón's speeches read well. They could be set to martial music easily, and daily more people beat time to them. "Before the nation enjoys luxuries and palaces," he shouted over the networks, "we must make sure that not one single Argentine is rejected for army service for malnutrition. We are famous for improving the breed of cattle, sheep, and horses. We should have improved the breed of men . . ., because if we must oppose foreign ambitions, men, not cattle, will do the fighting. Argentina must show those who have ambitions of conquest that to enter this land they will first have to kill fourteen million Argentines!"

Perón tries hard to make Argentines fear Brazil and the United States as a means of rallying the people behind him—the device used so effectively by dictators in Europe. When I spoke with him before leaving Buenos Aires, I found it difficult to combat this attitude in the face of our war-time policy of sending lend-lease weapons to the rest of Latin America. Perón said the United States had helped Argentina's neighbors build a ring of steel around his country, while refusing to sell arms for cash to Argentina because it maintained its traditional policy of neutrality. "You gave Brazil the weapons for a powerful army, upsetting the balance of power in the continent." Uncle Sam, he added, had even given six gunboats to Paraguay, a tiny but warlike country without a seaport.

Perón said that Brazil, Chile, and other neighboring states are "have-not" nations. They lack the wheat, cattle, and fertility that make Argentina so prosperous. If they are armed while Argentina is defenseless, he argued, the temptation might be too great. "If the United States guaranteed our frontiers," he slily said, "we would not have to arm. But you wouldn't do that, so Argentina must be prepared for defense."

All this may be true, except that Perón is not preparing for defense. He is preparing, in his own words, "for a particular war"—an aggressive war. And he has pawned Argentina's future income for a decade to store up enough weapons to keep an army of 200,000 men in the field for two years. His factories have the blueprints for those terrible weapons that Germany was about to produce when the war in Europe ended. One of the plants which the Argentine army bought from Hermann Göring last year is reported to have the German plans for the atomic bomb. Whether or not this is true, Perón's army is strong enough to cause considerable damage in the southern continent, where, the Colonel says, those who believe in lasting peace are utopian dreamers.

If the Argentine strong man becomes Argentine President next week, the situation in South America will continue to be dynamite—or uranium.

General de Gaulle Steps Down

BY IDA TREAT

An American writer who has lived in France for many years; author of "The Anchored Heart"

Paris, January 30

MY COBBLER in the rue du Bac said this morning that he knew why General de Gaulle had left the government. "It's because of the *maquis du Maréchal*—the people who were yesterday for Pétain. They think he's their last chance. As an honest man, he couldn't stand for that!"

That comment, among all the comments on the General's departure, was a new one, but I understood what the cobbler meant. I too knew recent converts to "Gaullism," advocates of the strong hand in politics and deadly opponents of the parliamentary regime. But I also knew others of the same ilk who hoped privately that his going might help to discredit the Assembly—the left Assembly—and give a new swing to the political pendulum at the May elections.

That any part of the reaction should have rallied to General de Gaulle is less significant than the attitude of some of his former companions who today are saying, however regretfully, "Perhaps it is for the best. Perhaps he has finished his job, and it is time for others to take over." Few would have gone that far last November.

Of all this the General himself is perfectly aware. For all his celebrated aloofness, he has a pretty keen grasp on what is taking place around him. And certainly he is far more sensitive to the defection of his friends than to the questionable, doubly questionable, change of heart on the part of a fraction of his former adversaries. I remember once in London—I think it was during one of the strained situations that arose out of the North African muddle—someone said to him, "Even if the Americans and the British let you down, you have France behind you." And General de Gaulle replied drily, and proudly, "C'est le contraire qui m'aurait désolé."

At the time all France that counted *was* solidly behind him, and he knew it. Secure in that certainty, he could confront criticism with equanimity. He stood for France.

Times have changed. In 1946 he was no longer com-

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mander-in-chief of a resistance army; he was Chief of State. Behind him the solid fighting phalanx had cracked, split into independent fragments, three main fragments. His prestige was slipping. His dream of the union of all Frenchmen, in peace as in war, for the sake of France —the first and supreme discipline—had encountered other "disciplines" that questioned his authority and escaped his control. In the Assembly the Chief Above All Parties could count at best on only a shifting and fragile majority, and even that seemed threatened.

I am convinced that General de Gaulle has an instinctive aversion for political parties, that the "party" in his mind implies the "politician" concerned primarily with elections and the intrigues and maneuvers of the political game, and that his vision of democracy probably includes an Assembly of individuals—men of pure motives chosen by *le peuple souverain* and free to plan and act according to their individual judgment of what seems best—not an Assembly of "party creatures" with imperative mandates.

All these factors may well have been fundamental in the "intolerable situation" that led to his departure. But given the personality of General de Gaulle, the conflict —and the impasse—was perhaps inevitable.

Much has been said about the personality of Charles de Gaulle—*le grand Charles* as the Free French, the Fighting French, called him affectionately. In their minds the term applied not only to his stature. He was the hero, the *preux chevalier, "sans peur et sans reproche."* Even his enemies could not question his deep personal integrity. Criticism concentrated on the outer man, his manner and his way of doing things. He was "difficult," rigid, intransigent.

Certainly few leaders of men had less of the demagogue in their make-up. From the very first, General de Gaulle made no attempt to draw men to him through personal charm or warmth of manner. On the contrary: men rallied to an idea rather than a chief. Even his close associates admitted that *le grand Charles* was reserved and cold. He was a name, a symbol, a point of focus, the figurehead for an attitude. As such he will go down in history; from his personal record one might judge that he had willed it so.

In London during the war years we knew him as a man of faith and conscience. A sincere and devout Catholic, he has something of the old Protestant austerity, a Protestant insistence on the individual conscience as a deciding factor in determining one's duty. The man and his conscience—and God his judge. Had that not been his faith, the chances are that General de Gaulle would never have made his appeal from London in June, 1940. The chances are that like many an officer of the French army and navy he would have stifled that conscience of his in the name of obedience to a traditional and collective discipline. To De Gaulle neither discipline nor the tradition of obedience, so deeply ingrained in every army man, held weight. His duty, over the heads of his superiors, was to France. This was *"honneur et patrie."* For this he became, technically, a "rebel."

Obviously, given his military education, he bore, and bears, the stamp of army life, of its long habits and traditions—the habit of command, the impatient authority of the chief; he could be as intolerant and irascible as any *officier supérieur.* And as supreme commander he had a constant obsession of responsibility.

By birth and training he is an aristocrat. Perhaps, as he himself is said to have related, his discovery of the "people" came with exile and the contact with those who joined him overseas—little folk of France for the most part, a sprinkling of great names, and woefully few of the comfortable middle class. No doubt like many another aristocrat General de Gaulle has an inherited disdain for the bourgeoisie, a dislike that the experience of the past few years has intensified. He believes in the "people." He has discovered their qualities; he also knows their faults. They must be lifted out of their ignorance. They must be led. Somewhat in the manner of raw recruits? One has the feeling that his conception of the republic is one in which the little man will be assured of the Four Freedoms while the reins of command are held firmly by a gifted and qualified few.

Perhaps because war is an anachronism in what we call a civilized age the war hero in peace time seems to belong to another era—so the soldier virtues of De Gaulle and his conception of national grandeur and empire. A pure figure, but alone. No chief in a democracy can stand alone.

There was no "maneuver" in General de Gaulle's departure. To those who know his disdain for intrigue, such an atttitude appears unthinkable. Once more, as in 1940, he has listened to that inner voice and followed his conscience—abruptly as is his wont, and undeterred by the thought of immediate consequences or the comments of the world.

Will he return one day to political life—and how? Will he attempt to rally the "people" over the heads of parties and assemblies? As chief of a "non-political" party, as leader of a new crusade? There are already rumors, and many of his strong supporters are torn, like Maurice Schumann, "between the will and desire to see him again, and the fear that if he returns he will no longer be himself." Or like Jean Tixier, who "refuses to think that one day certain half-pay pensioners of a 'Gaullism' *of which we would no longer be a part,* might bring him out of his retreat."

What General de Gaulle will do no one can foresee. An isolated figure, at a time when individual liberty everywhere is having to adjust itself to the needs of collective liberties, he shares no confidences. If and when that terrific inner voice—genius or daemon—calls him to action, he will act. May destiny guide him, so that no shadow may darken his record or his memory!

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Feast and Famine

A VISITING Englishman recently remarked that New York wasted enough food in one night to feed England for a week. No doubt this was a somewhat exaggerated statement, but the contrast between the abundance displayed in food stores and restaurants here and the meager and monotonous diet available to Britons is glaring. This week, moreover, Britons have been told to pull their belts a notch tighter. They are to get less fat immediately and are warned that eggs, bacon, and poultry will become increasingly scarce owing to the feed shortage. Rice imports are to be cut out altogether because of the rice famine in Asia, and wheat imports are being reduced by 250,000 tons in the first six months of this year. In order to make up for this loss British wheat stocks are to be drawn down below what has hitherto been regarded as a safe minimum, and the flour-extraction rate is to be raised from 80 to 85 per cent, which means the return of the dark war-time loaf.

In spite of these changes Britain will still have a moderately well-balanced diet of nearly 3,000 calories per head per day, and compared to most countries in Europe will be well off. Indeed, a friend of mine who recently returned to London from France, where he had spent the war, writes that the contrast between the two countries is unbelievable, and he is rapidly regaining weight. France, in turn, is somewhat better off than many other parts of Europe. The report of the Emergency Economic Committee for Europe just issued estimates the diet of the French urban population during the next few months at 1,500 to 2,000 calories per day, while less than 1,500 appears likely to be available to the non-farm population in most parts of eastern Europe, Germany, and Italy. Since 2,650 calories daily are needed to maintain health and efficiency, it is certain that this winter will take a heavy toll of European lives.

Yet horrible as the state of Europe is, an even more appalling prospect is opening in eastern Asia. Northern Indo-China is now in its second year of famine. It is estimated that 600,000 or more persons died from starvation in 1945, and similar numbers are expected to perish this year. India needs a minimum of two million tons of food to avert famine, and less than half of this amount is in sight. Already conditions are becoming critical in the southern part of the Peninsula, including the populous provinces of Madras and Bombay, and a cut in the daily rice ration—the main staple of existence—from a pound to twelve ounces per day is under discussion. The worst threat, however, comes from a drought in the northern wheat-producing provinces of Punjab and Sind. Unless rain falls within the next two weeks, it is said, the greater part of the crop from these normally surplus regions will be ruined. "In that event," cables a New York *Times* correspondent, "India, without outside aid, faces a famine of catastrophic dimensions in the opinion of every person to whom I have talked."

Everywhere except in North America war or weather or both ravaged the harvests last year. France, which normally is nearly self-sufficient, produced only about half its pre-war average crop of wheat, partly because of war-born shortages of labor, tools, and fertilizer, partly because it was a very wet season. Meanwhile the Mediterranean region was afflicted with drought. North Africa, which normally exports 450,000 tons or so of wheat to France, was forced to import on a large scale and even then suffered from hunger riots. Outside Europe two of the largest exporting countries, Argentina and Australia, both experienced a lack of sufficient rain. In Australia conditions were so bad that it was necessary to buy Canadian wheat for home consumption. Fortunately this year's crop, now being garnered, is much better, but it will all be needed to meet Asiatic deficiencies.

In the world wheat picture last summer the only bright spots were the United States and Canada, both of which had bumper harvests. On July 1, 1945, total United States supplies (new crop added to carry-over) amounted to 1,404,000,000 bushels. Six months later 715,000,000 bushels had "disappeared," leaving only 564,000,000 available for the next six months if stocks were not to be reduced below the safety level. The chief reason for this rapid rate of consumption, which threw government plans badly out of gear, was the consumption as animal feed of 205,000,000 bushels—more than the Department of Agriculture had expected would be used for this purpose in the full year. Thus while much of the world is near starvation, a swollen livestock population in this country dines luxuriously on wheat.

If the animals continue to feed so well, it will be impossible for the United States to export the 225,000,000 bushels which it is committed to ship before June 30. Some of the measures announced by Mr. Truman on February 6 are designed to remedy this situation, but it is not going to prove easy to pry loose wheat from the farms, especially as other feeds are in very short supply. At present price ceilings it is profitable to turn wheat into meat, eggs, and poultry. Moreover, farmers with surplus stocks are holding for a rise in prices knowing that a drive is being made to end all price controls by June 30. "Should this happen," says M. W. Thatcher, president of the National Federation of Grain Cooperatives, "there will be a sharp but temporary spurt in prices, and under such conditions, commodities held on the farm are a better hedge than money in the bank." One way of bringing more wheat into the market, therefore, is an assurance that the OPA is not going to be sunk. Only Congress can provide this assurance.

Mr. Truman, using such powers as he possesses to stretch wheat supplies, has ordered coarser milling, restricted the use of grain for beverages, provided for lower inventories, and so on. But unless some way can be found to induce the thinning of cattle and poultry herds, too much wheat will continue to disappear in the feeding troughs. The difficulty is that, with the Administration committed to holding up farm prices, it pays to maintain a livestock population exceeding national needs. Just how this problem can be solved I do not know. But I do know that the moral position of America is going to be undermined if it continues to feast while famine spreads across the earth.

KEITH HUTCHISON

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The People's Front

THE curtain rises. Enter the Pretender. He has not inherited from his father the sharp wit and the Madrid manner that made Alfonso popular, especially with foreigners. He is certainly a Bourbon, but he resembles more his mother, the soft, plump Victoria Eugenia of Battenberg. He is not talkative. When he does make a statement, it has first been painstakingly edited by his able adviser, Lopez Oliván, former ambassador at the Court of St. James's. Above all, Don Juan must be kept from making compromising declarations. When the Axis seemed to be winning, he tended to be carried away by his fascist sympathies; in his new role he delivers carefully memorized speeches on constitutional liberal monarchy.

But unfortunately for the Pretender, his earlier political views have been chronicled—not in some Jacobin pamphlet, but in an authorized biography, "Prince Don Juan of Spain," written by his secretary, Bonmatti de Codecido, and published in Valladolid in 1938. Monarchist agents have been trying to buy up the whole edition, but a few copies reached Mexico and I have one before me as I write.

We find former King Alfonso, Don Juan, a Phalangist writer Gonzalez Ruano, and the biographer talking in the lobby of the Hotel Excelsior-Galia in Milan. Ruano is showing the King his membership card in the Falange; "Number 5," he says proudly. Alfonso remarks contemptuously, "I'm 500 ahead of you. The first Phalangists in Spain were General Primo de Rivera and I." "The first," agrees Don Juan.

"In Italy," the biography recounts, "Don Juan met his three great loves: Catholicism, fascism, and monarchy." The Pretender cannot conceal his enthusiasm for Mussolini's regime: walking past the Palazzo di Venezia one day, he exclaimed, "I can't pass here without remembering Spain. What wouldn't I give for my country to achieve this reality of empire full of youthful, conquering élan!"

In the days just before the Franco uprising, the book describes Don Juan as consumed by anxiety lest the rebellion be put off. For hours on end he never left the radio; finally, one day, he burst out, "Could it be possible that the certainty of a military uprising exists only in my imagination?" At last the news came. "On that seventeenth day of July, now famous in the history of his country, he began to hear the first faint heartbeats of his true Spain." He counted the days till he could go to fight at Franco's side. July 20, 21, 22, 23. . . . Don Juan neither sleeps nor lives nor rests for a single moment." He was impatiently awaiting Franco's reply to his request that he be allowed to join the army. Finally, on July 31, he crossed the border into the rebel zone, "dressed in overalls, with the red beret and the emblem of the Falange, the arrows." But Franco wanted no Pretender around who might supplant him; he escorted Don Juan back to the frontier.

From the Hotel Eden in Rome Don Juan sent another plea to General Franco on December 7, 1936, this time asking to be accepted as an officer or a simple sailor on the rebel ship Baleares. "I do not know, my General, whether in writing in this manner, I am violating protocol. . . . But all my hopes are with you and all my prayers are that God aid you in your noble undertaking to save Spain." He sees Spain in close alliance with Fascist Italy taking the lead in a Catholic bloc that will draw in the "brother Spanish countries" and form an irresistible barrier against the "barbarian invasion from the East." Throughout the Spanish war the Pretender was, emotionally and ideologically, on the fascist side, just as in World War II he sided with Hitler and Mussolini until the Axis began to crumble.

A few days ago the Pretender arrived in Lisbon to confer with Franco's representatives about restoration of the monarchy. News of his coming provoked little reaction in Madrid—a demonstration of some two hundred people in which twenty boys, sons of well-known royalist leaders, were arrested. It was strictly a family affair.

Lacking support inside Spain, Don Juan's advisers count on two allies—the Vatican and Britain. The Vatican, because it sees in Spain the best Continental stronghold from which to extend its influence in America. Britain, because a monarchist Spain could be used to good advantage in the diplomatic struggle against Russia. Surely no greater insult could be offered the British Labor government than the monarchists' confidence that England will help restore the House of Bourbon. Complicity in this maneuver would disgrace the Labor government forever. Attlee and Bevin should remember León Blum; during his years in a German prison there was not a day, the French leader says, when he did not regret his weakness on Spain. I cannot imagine Stafford Cripps or Ellen Wilkinson accepting a new betrayal. But there is the danger that some well-meaning people in England, even Labor people, accepting monarchy as a normal, democratic way of governing, may favor replacement of the hated dictator by a king. But it is idiotic to speak of a liberal monarchy in Spain. A Spanish monarchy would be either Phalangist and clerical, provoking revolt through a policy of terror, or weak and corrupt, inviting a coup from right or left.

It is even more absurd to imagine that the people of Spain—who fought for three years against Axis intervention and Allied non-intervention, who have come out of the concentration camps of Europe tattered and starving but unbroken, who enlisted in thousands in the French resistance, who still fall every day before the firing squads of Franco, crying "Long live the Republic"—that these people will allow the battle for freedom to end in a shameful masquerade. Spain will fight the monarchy as it fought Franco; the clerical press of the United States may as well begin now to prepare its editorials denouncing us as "reds" and "murderers." The Western democracies were responsible for much of the blood shed in Spain ten years ago; if they support Don Juan now they will have to share responsibility for the new civil war that will surely follow. DEL VAYO

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

NOTES ON CANADIAN LITERATURE

BY ROBERT LEIGH WEAVER

THERE is talk in Canada of a literary coming-of-age. And after a past of false hopes and generally second-rate writing, few interested Canadians feel inclined to comment too harshly on the real, if definitely limited, achievements of the moment. Moreover, much recently published work does show a new and promising vitality and ambition, though it also has the air of uncertainty usually associated with a literature still struggling to establish itself.

This recent progress will seem insignificant to most Americans unless they have some understanding of the special difficulties of Canadian writers. Unfortunately lack of space forces me to make many generalizations, and several "literary" problems must be arbitrarily divorced from larger issues of which they are an organic part.

In the past many Canadian authors have been strongly influenced—and still are—by British writing. But while the work of Auden, Spender, Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, and other experimentalists is beginning to mean something to young Canadians, too many established writers have favored more conventional models. Thus the *Canadian Poetry Magazine*, which probably would have interested the Victorians, is now worth reading only because it occasionally and hesitatingly prints the work of the younger poets. Writers' groups and a number of other magazines mirror nineteenth-century influences, and public libraries are a haven for even the poorest British books. Literature courses in colleges and universities are based almost entirely on the work of classical English novelists and poets. Contemporary literature is studied inadequately, and the influence of important European writers is scarcely noticeable. For the rest, Canada has, unfortunately, accepted the mass-production culture of the United States—the best-sellers, the pulps and slicks, the comics—with its distortion of life and its too ready simplification of complex problems.

The tendency of Canadians to import much of their literature has been fostered by internal sectionalism. Serious differences between Quebec and the other provinces have left the country without any deep, distinct cultural pattern or heritage. The population is small, the land is vast, and Canada is drawn south to another country instead of east and west within itself. Some of the younger writers show an awareness of this sectionalism, and the division between English- and French-speaking Canadians is being examined.

The effects of puritanism are not always obvious, but the pressures of a passionate intellectual sobriety have left their mark on Canadian literature. There is direct censorship: "Ulysses" and "Sanctuary" are banned. Sometimes the careful official mind moves more subtly: "Strange Fruit" was not banned in Toronto after the Boston episode; it was simply not purchased by public libraries. Canadian writers are not allowed to forget that there is a vocal minority, which sometimes seems to be a majority, eager to denounce any sign of "obscenity." (In Canada obscenity is a harsh synonym for naturalism and realism, especially when indulged in by native writers.)

Few Canadians are able to earn sufficient money from the sale of books and articles to devote themselves entirely to writing. In an attempt to solve this difficulty some writers have left the country, some have turned to other fields, writing only in their spare time, and others, without emigrating, have sought markets outside Canada. These solutions are far from perfect, either for the individual or for Canadian literature. I shall not attempt a detailed discussion of publishing in Canada, but one fact should be noted. Books published in Great Britain and particularly in the United States are advertised in this country through imported newspapers, magazines, and radio talks, and it is almost impossible for a Canadian work to obtain publicity equal either in quantity or in impressiveness.

These difficulties have produced their logical results. The average Canadian knows little about the writings of his compatriots, and a literature truly contemporary and recognizably Canadian has been slow to develop. Between the two world wars the American literature of disillusionment and later of social consciousness did not have its counterpart in Canada. And perhaps the critics who in the past few years have attacked the American realists of that period so bitterly, might not have done so if they had been in a position to know that for lack of realism Canada in the same years produced a literature without vitality, power, or perception. We were treated instead to the gently subjective musings of poetesses and their male counterparts, and to quiet dallyings in historical backwaters.

There were exceptions of course. Some writers combined outside influences with a Canadian background. Morley Callaghan, one of the few novelists to write consistently about immediate problems, unfortunately was content to develop characters apparently devoid of will or intellect. His novels form a long Canadian tragedy, in which the tragedy lies as much in the never thoroughly developed abilities of the author as in the lives of the characters he creates. Frederick Philip Grove, whose stories of the Canadian Middle West correspond in some ways to those of Sherwood Anderson, is surprisingly little known in Canada. And his novels, achieving something almost tremendous in their total effect, are individually shot through with clumsy techniques and curiously contrasting emotional and intellectual attitudes, some being puritanical and some nearly Freudian.

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Two other writers of this period are generally overrated. The Jalna series of Mazo de la Roche is apparently more widely known in the United States than most contemporary Canadian fiction; but the Whiteoaks of Jalna are typical representatives of those British immigrants who never really became Canadians. It is both foolish and dangerous always to insist on the use of a "real" Canadian theme, for the reality may be debatable, and, in any case, a purely regional literature is not enough. But Canadians do have a right to feel that so substantial a novelist as Miss de la Roche might have chosen as the background for her major work a more integral section of Canadian life. E. J. Pratt, the poet of titanicism, is the dean of living Canadian poets. His tendency to mighty rhythms has created a poetry which is frequently striking but which, read at length, is generally dull. And when we consider the national and international crises which occurred during the period of his writing, Pratt cannot be said to have added much to the intellectual content of Canadian poetry.

By the beginning of the war a number of younger Canadian poets had begun to deal with social and political questions. The war years saw the publication of several new "little" magazines. Faced with both British and American competition, Canadian magazines have been a dreary lot, and serious literature in this field has been kept alive only by one or two university quarterlies and the leftist *Canadian Forum*. Now literary magazines have been established by groups of young writers in different sections of the country, and they continue to be published in spite of economic difficulties. These magazines stress poetry and criticism; generally speaking their fiction is poor. And among their writers there seems to be a tendency to isolation which, if carried to extremes, may result in a divorce from the feeling for life so basic to good writing. These journals have not as yet added much to Canadian literature in spite of the brilliance of several *First Statement* poets, and their future is still uncertain. But as a reflection of new interest in literature they have a definite importance.

As in most countries the number of novels published in Canada decreased during the war. But the crises of this period stimulated a new social consciousness among novelists, partly by forcing a relaxation of taboos but chiefly by creating a new sense of urgency among all citizens. And although actual achievements have not been as striking as many notoriously lax Canadian reviewers suggest, I believe that they provide the prelude to as well as the necessary release for important work to follow.

The most startling popular success was achieved by Gwethalyn Graham's "Earth and High Heaven," which seems to me one of a new class of novels—the socially conscious slick. Until the climax the book seems to have a certain value, but then it becomes fraudulently Hollywood, and the problems it has posed are robbed of all dignity. Two other popular novels give reason for more hope, although neither is as expertly written as "Earth and High Heaven" and although both are in a certain sense failures. "Two Solitudes" deals with the French-English problem, and it too develops an issue which is not solved; but Hugh MacLennan does not attempt to impose a popular and incorrectly simplified conclusion in place of a solution he does

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not clearly see. And about "Two Solitudes" there is a tremendous compulsion that sustains a novel which is frequently too wordy and, in the final sections, sketchy and weak. In "Master of the Mill" Frederick Philip Grove examines the influence of a flour mill upon its successive owners. One of them attempts to introduce a system of fascist control, and the novel provides a strikingly imaginative exposé of the development of a vast monopoly. But this potentially important and exciting story is poorly constructed. It is told by means of a series of clumsily devised flashbacks which are often the wanderings of a senile old man, and the result is frequently almost utter confusion.

A good deal of interesting work has resulted from the preoccupation with social problems of the younger poets. Two of these poets, A. M. Klein and Irving Layton, are Jewish, and both are from Montreal. While Klein's poetry is suffused with his Jewish background, Layton has developed along the lines of modern proletarian poets, although he frequently draws both content and imagery from Jewish life. Klein, whose early work was extremely fine, has written somewhat weaker poetry lately; he has been understandably tortured by the monstrous persecutions of recent years, but these atrocities appear to be too great to be consistently brought within the limits of poetic expression. In his first book, "Here and Now," Layton's poems about the slums (". . . and the wind's occasional/sigh lifts from the garbage pails their stinks") and about army life (". . . no one will hear the furtive/scraping of the veteran's stump . . .") are filled with effectively contrasted poetic expression and blunt social statement. His few love poems are less interesting and more conventional.

Like Layton, Patrick Anderson is associated with the Montreal group that published *First Statement*—which has now been combined with another "little" magazine to make the *Northern Review*. *First Statement* published Layton's book and Anderson's "A Tent for April." Anderson's poetry expresses the protest of the radical parliamentarian; Layton's that of the talented soapbox orator. But Anderson shows a deep feeling for people, and he has achieved a cosmopolitanism which still leaves him free to create distinctly Canadian poetry. His most ambitious poem, "Canadian Scene," demonstrates this blending:

> cities not found and greater in the mind
> woods without words
> and winter on the boughs like crystal birds!

And in the same poem (writing of Montreal):

> We used to say the loneliness and the mystery
> were somewhere on the rims, a distant suburb:
> we were wrong. They are here. Here in the center.

Among the many other poets now writing two deserve special mention. F. R. Scott and Dorothy Livesay early began writing about Canadian urban life and the effects of the depression. Protest gives their poetry an angry vitality, and both are able to write simply and effectively about nature.

French Canadian writing, which has developed from a cultural background different from that of the other provinces, has found a path of its own. I have not attempted a lengthy survey of this literature here, because I have not made a sufficiently careful study of it to speak with authority. But two factors are dominant in the literature of French Canada—Roman Catholicism and a passionate desire for continuance as a living cultural entity. Its critical writing has dealt mainly with French writers and artists, but a few studies of their English and American contemporaries have appeared. Prose and poetry show similar tendencies—a frequent sense of all-pervading sin, an interest in the simple virtues and in nature, nationalism, and sometimes naivete. The best continuing survey of French Canadian writing is to be found in the *University of Toronto Quarterly*. The issue of April, 1945, cited "Au Pied de la pente douce," "a picture of life in a working-class district . . . in Quebec," which is the first important social novel by a French Canadian.

This is a period of release and beginning for Canadian literature. Many of our writers now realize that freedom and vitality in literature can best be obtained by dealing honestly with contemporary life. This is at least a bright omen.

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CHIEF JUSTICE STONE AND THE SUPREME COURT. By Samuel J. Konefsky. The Macmillan Company. $3.

THIS is not a life of Chief Justice Stone. The book itself is virtually devoid of biographical detail, and not much more than a bare outline of the Chief Justice's career is given in a prefatory note by Charles Beard. The purpose of the book is rather to analyze Chief Justice Stone's contribution to constitutional theory and his influence upon the work of the Supreme Court. Mr. Konefsky has accomplished his chosen

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task well despite its difficulties. Jurists are not fungible personalities. But to assess the originality and leadership of a judge who is only one of a bench of nine requires great discernment. The trend of his own thought usually seems to be the trend of the court.

The most radical member of the present Supreme Court has been Justice Black. Chief Justice Stone has occupied the more strategic position left of center, and has helped to make the minority views of Holmes and Brandeis the accepted doctrine of the court. Inspired by one of Justice Holmes's epigrams, he has done much to curtail the intergovernmental tax-immunity doctrine, so that the income from government securities and the salaries of government employees have both been brought within the reach of the tax gatherer. However sound from the point of view of constitutional theory, the latter accomplishment has been of questionable practical utility. The state and federal governments have collected taxes on the pay of each other's employees, but they have had to return most of it to them in the form of pay increases. The lag in this process has been an unfortunate aspect of the period of war-time inflation.

Although Chief Justice Stone's insistence upon greater realism in the approach to constitutional questions is also part of the Holmes-Brandeis tradition, he has nevertheless struck many new notes. Thus he has been particularly effective in scotching those forms of question-begging of which lawyers are so fond. He has demonstrated neatly that the tests of the "direct-indirect" effect of legislation and the concept of the business "affected with a public interest" merely disguise preconceived conclusions. In dealing with legislation tending to infringe civil liberties, he has developed a doctrine against political restraints as a persuasive justification for holding such legislation unconstitutional while refusing at the same time to interfere with social legislation. It is not only that the constitutional guaranties of civil liberty are more specific but also that the maintenance of civil and political rights is essential if the electorate is to be in a position to express itself on the wisdom of social legislation. At least one of Chief Justice Stone's *mots* will live in our constitutional history. In the darkest days of the New Deal he had occasion to warn the Old Guard of the court that "while unconstitutional exercise of power by the executive and legislative branches of the government is subject to judicial restraint, the only check upon our own exercise of power is our own sense of self-restraint."

WILLIAM SEAGLE

BRIEFER COMMENT

The Black Common Man

IN "MARCHING BLACKS" (Dial, $2.50) Representative Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., presents what he calls "an interpretative history of the rise of the black common man." The rise of the "black common man" is traced through three periods: Africa to Chicago, covering the period 1526-1920; the period of "the boom and the crash," 1920-40; and the period from Pearl Harbor to the present. The discussion of the changes in the status of the Negro during these three periods is characterized by many shrewd insights, novel and

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unwarranted interpretations of historical facts, and much justifiable indignation. For example, such phenomena as the emergence of a class of free Negroes before the Civil War and the advantageous position of the house slaves and the mulattoes are treated as if they were due to some consciously planned conspiracy against the black masses. In championing the cause of the black masses against the talented tenth of lighter complexion, the Reverend Mr. Powell indulges in much rabble rousing, claiming that he is a descendant of the black field Negroes. His section on what happened to the Negro from 1920 to 1940 offers a fair analysis of the changes in the Negro's status as long as it sticks to facts. The third part contains an indictment of the nation for its treatment of the Negro during World War II, which, Powell holds, began as a race war and was converted into Civil War II to complete the emancipation of the Negro. We are still engaged in Civil War II, which can only be won by the migration of the millions of Negroes from the South. This book was written, undoubtedly, to spur the Negro to continue his fight for freedom, and as such it is an effective piece of writing. But, unfortunately, it is marred by a number of glaring errors. There are errors concerning dates of well-known happenings, and in one case a white man is described as the "first Negro to emerge in this century as an educated, subsidized Uncle Tom."

E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

Power and Peace

A BOOK IS NOT A MAGAZINE. It should offer some unity of thought and style. Collective books are invariably disappointing, even such notable achievements as "The City of Man" or "Beyond Victory." "Peace, Security, and the United Nations," edited by Hans J. Morgenthau (Chicago, $1.50), is no exception. Any one of the five distinguished contributors could have written a better book. Then, too, these lectures were delivered on July 9-13, 1945, and President Truman revealed the atomic bomb to the world on August 6 (my pious calendar states: Transfiguration Day).

The title should be reworded: "No Peace or Security Under the UNO." Percy E. Corbett notes that the smaller nations insisted on writing justice into the charter. But the word is taken in a purely Pickwickian sense, and he concludes that power remains the sole reality. Arthur Robert Burns tries to figure out how the victors can squeeze the Germans without having a rotting corpse on their hands. Malbone W. Graham gives a capital sketch of the great-power idea. Vienna, Versailles, triumph of the Big Three, Munich, greatest achievement of the Big Four—an ominous record; yet we are relapsing into the good old method which has "averted" all the wars in the past. He believes that intermediate powers, "security" powers, that is, indispensable to security, will play an increasing role. His style is arresting, but I wonder about an "invertebrate skeleton." (True, Milton spoke of "blind mouths.") Eugene Staley offers an excellent, and honestly inconclusive, survey of World Organization on the Economic Fronts.

Frederick L. Schuman, who contributes a lecture on Regionalism, is the life of the party. His wisecracks at times reach the dignity of epigrams. He believes in a radical difference between Great and Small—"whales and sardines." William Fox, a landlubber, said "elephants and squirrels." (Half a century ago the Anglo-Russian rivalry was referred to as "the duel of the elephant and the whale.") Weird surrealistic nightmare: our actual world is not in the least like that. Force is anarchy, and—quoting Hobbes—under anarchy life is "poor, solitary, nasty, brutish, and short." Whereupon Schuman plumps for power, that is, anarchy. He pronounces federalism dead, "despite the fact that federation is a basic principle in the organization of power in the United States, the U. S. S. R., and the British Commonwealth." Is it realistic to reject such an obvious fact? And is it not a fact also that we have found peace at home *under the law*, by refusing to recognize sheer force, that is, gangsters' rule? Above all, Schuman wants to prevent a break with Russia. But appeasement is not peace; it is a sure step toward war. Peace with Russia can be obtained through universal peace, not vice versa. To conclude, he quotes admirable but starry-eyed words of Roosevelt, radically at variance with the bulk of the lecture. I diagnose a case of four-way schizophrenia. It is curable, in the hands of a good psychoanalyst.

ALBERT GUERARD

Report from the Balkans

IT IS NOT EASY to get rid of traditional slogans, such as that the Balkans are the powder keg of Europe. This explains the unjustifiable title of Leon Dennen's book, "Trouble Zone: Brewing Point of World War III?" (Ziff-Davis, $1.50), which makes Russian trouble-shooting in the Balkans and the eastern Mediterranean solely responsible for the menace of a new conflagration. Even aside from Iran, China, and similar "trouble zones," just now there is hardly any spot on the globe which is not a potential "brewing point" of a new war. More objectionable than the title is the conclusion the author reached on his return from the "trouble zone" to America—namely, that in the United States "to cast the slightest doubt on Russian policy is to leave yourself open to denunciation as . . . even a war criminal." Neither the Hearst nor the McCormick-Patterson press, which day by day certainly cast more than slight doubts, has yet been arraigned as a war criminal.

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Without questioning the accuracy of Mr. Dennen's observations during the nine months he spent in the region, certain contradictions cannot be overlooked. We are told that, unlike Russia, Turkey has freed itself from totalitarianism, but that Ataturk was, and even Inonu is, "virtually a dictator." The Bulgar has been aptly described as "the bad boy of the Balkans" because Bulgaria fought twice on the side of the Germans, but the author forgets to mention that it was a pro-German Coburg ruler who pushed the pro-Russian Bulgar people into the war. Although Mr. Dennen is wary of those people "who seek to drive a wedge between the American and British people," he nevertheless believes that Brigadier MacLean and Major Randolph Churchill "intentionally misdirected" American planes so that they bombed anti-Nazi Chetnik forces. Some of Mr. Dennen's statements may be premature, as, for example, that "the civil war in Greece is over" or that "Palestine is already a Jewish state." No one can disagree with his conclusion that the disappearance of reactionary political systems is a prerequisite for the establishment of a democratic federation. Such a federation must not be regarded, however, as an anti-Russian Holy Alliance.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

FICTION IN REVIEW

I HAVE been meaning to comment briefly on several recent books which have won not only a big popular audience but also a great deal of praise from the reviewers. Among them is "The White Tower" by James Ramsey Ullman (Lippincott, $3)—the only one, as a matter of fact, that seems to me to deserve its reputation. Although I do not think Mr. Ullman's novel about mountain climbing is the literary milestone it has been called, it is a thoroughly gripping adventure story, done with the skill to hold one to it in the old I-couldn't-put-it-down fashion; and this is not the drug on the market one might guess from fiction advertising. "The White Tower" tells the story of six people who attempt to climb a hitherto unscaled Alpine peak. It would appear to be designed with a double purpose—as a straightaway narrative of dangerous action and as a philosophical parable. As the first, it is entirely successful. As the second, I found it not so much successful as remarkably inoffensive: Mr. Ullman keeps his comments on life fairly modest, and he is not given to the inflated prose rhythms that usually pass for a philosophical attitude. Even the inclusion, in his mountain party, of a Nazi who promptly begins to play out his anti-democratic principles doesn't too seriously deflect our responses to "The White Tower" from the viscera, where they belong, to the head, where they are of only minor consequence.

In "Focus" by Arthur Miller (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.50) a personnel manager of a large corporation that operates on a policy of religious discrimination is forced, because of bad vision, to use eyeglasses; wearing glasses, he is himself at once mistaken for a Jew—this is the rather over-contrived central situation around which Mr. Miller plots a short intense study of American fascism as it manifests itself in our native brands of anti-Semitism. From its first chapters I was led to expect a better book than "Focus" turns out to be: there is more than ordinary talent, both for observation and writing, in Mr. Miller's introduction of his small hero; the early home scenes, office scenes, city and subway scenes have a clean, hard, bright quality which, were it sustained, would compensate for the obvious didactic inspiration of Mr. Miller's novel. After its nice opening, however, "Focus" begins to thin out into just a familiar unpleasantness.

The reception of Jessamyn West's "The Friendly Persuasion" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) makes me wonder, as I wonder at each fresh instance of our national appetite for family reminiscence, if Henry James's boyhood desire for orphanhood might not be generalized into a dominant American trait. Surely there must be more than meets the eye in our insatiable pleasure in these restorations of our family life, and in our willingness to accept at their face value such patently unnatural pictures of domestic humor and domestic harmony. Each time a new volume comes along, it has only to be sweet to be hailed as the pure spirit of American literary art and only to be sufficiently extravagant to be hailed as the fine robust spirit of the American home. Miss West's collection of sketches about her Quaker forbears in Indiana being of a peculiar gentleness, it is making its expected literary way.

Erich Maria Remarque's "Arch of Triumph" (Appleton-Century, $3) is about a refugee from Nazism living in Paris in the period preceding the outbreak of war. It a book of serious and decent intention, and not uninteresting as story, but I must dissent from majority opinion, which finds it one of the literary monuments of our difficult times. For I think

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it takes more than a doctor forced to perform abortions to symbolize the indignity that modern man has suffered under the Nazi terror, more than a Humphrey Bogartesque cynicism in love to suggest what a man feels who has seen his wife murdered by the Gestapo, more than an addiction to apple brandy to describe the emotional conflicts of an innocent human being victimized by circumstances, and more than Mr. Remarque's soft prose to create the moral and intellectual tone of a period of tragedy. Indeed, I find it hard to explain the already staggering sales figures for "Arch of Triumph." I should have thought the market had been so glutted with anti-Nazi fiction that any new novel on the anti-Nazi theme would have to be a really distinguished performance to win so huge a public. But I suppose the sales of Mr. Remarque's book indicate quite accurately the depth at which our emotions about the tragic world in which we live are fixed—just about the depth of a Grade A movie notation of a cosmic sorrow.

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"BORN YESTERDAY" (Lyceum Theater) is an unexpected pleasure. In any preliminary description it sounded pretty routine and pretty dull. It will, I am afraid, not sound so very different in any account I can give of it, but there is not likely to be much disagreement among spectators. Nearly everybody, I think, is going to find it quite the funniest and quite the freshest farce comedy the season has seen.

Garson Kanin, the author, is by no means the first contemporary writer to have the idea that a rapid-fire satiric piece about Washington would be a good idea and not even the first to suppose that it might be given a liberal slant. The project suggests a whole line of recent farces ranging from the obvious vulgarity of "The Doughgirls" through the laboriously synthetic writing of "State of the Union." I at least had come to the conclusion that the thing couldn't be done with any real success, and then Mr. Kanin comes along to do it brilliantly. What makes the result all the more puzzling is the fact that the general scheme of "Born Yesterday" doesn't depart very radically from that which has been employed a good many times before. The self-made millionaire, half gangster and half commercial genius, who has bought himself a first-rate lawyer and has now arrived in Washington to buy himself a second-rate Senator, is a stock figure; so too is his sweetie, an apparently dumb blonde formerly of the chorus, who in this instance becomes the central character of the action and at moments pretty nearly the whole show. I am not unaware of the fact that when this last-mentioned personage puts on glasses and goes in for solid reading she is merely trying out a variation on a situation so familiar that even the movies hesitate these days to use the plain Jane who takes off her bifocals and stands revealed as a glamour girl. But this is one of those cases—not without parallel in the history of the drama—where a stage figure gets its most effective use, not when it is first invented, but after it has become more or less stock, and without exactly comparing Mr. Kanin to either Shakespeare or Congreve, it might nevertheless be pointed out that neither Hamlet nor Mirabelle was a figure totally new to the stage.

Undoubtedly "Born Yesterday" is superlatively slick as writing. And undoubtedly it is given superlatively slick direction by its author, as well as getting performances to match. The temptation is to assume that the unusual effectiveness of the whole depends upon this fact and to predict that Mr. Kanin may soon find himself possessed of the sort of reputation for ingenious competence held in days past by George Abbott and George Kaufman. But I am not sure that this is all there is to "Born Yesterday" and am not sure that one has said everything even after one has added that Judy Holliday is very nearly ineffable as the sweetie and manages somehow, even in the first act, before her regeneration has begun, to suggest that she is a darling whose heart continues to beat honestly beneath either of the two mink coats which symbolize for her the fact that she has twice as much as all any girl could want. Surely there must be in the writing itself something more than mere theatrical dexterity. One notes, among other things, the fact that the humor is really humor of character rather than the humor of the wisecrack. One notes also that Mr. Kanin is one of those rare writers of farce who establish at the beginning the exact degree of extravagance and caricature, the exact level of credibility, to which they are going to stick consistently throughout the evening. And above all one notes a genuine freshness, a genuine shrewdness, and a genuine gaiety quite different from the mechanical liveliness one has come to expect in plays of this kind.

Whatever the reasons may be, "Born Yesterday" contains more sheer amusement than anything seen here since "Harvey"—which, I hesitate to point out, it does not in the slightest degree resemble.

Films

JAMES AGEE

SINCE last fall a change of job has made it impossible for me to see more than a few of the movies which, as a reviewer, I have wanted and felt I ought to see and review. I should have spoken of this months ago, but until lately I was unable to resign myself to the impossibility. Until further notice, then—and of that I see no prospect—anything like adequate coverage is out of the question, and I may be late, as herewith, even with those films which most obviously require reviewing. Just as I was slow to realize that there was nothing I could do about my new situation except describe it, I shall probably be slow to realize whether or not, under these circumstances, I can write a column useful enough to justify my going on with it. That my editor and my readers will have as much to do with that as I will goes without saying.

Of current films the two best I have seen were already weeks at large before I got to them, and for both reasons deserve priority now.

"It Happened at the Inn" ("Goupi Mains Rouges") should have gone high on my selection of last year's best films. I kept putting off seeing it because, stupidly, I was as usual set on edge by the kind of finishing-school, French-table, cultural chitchat to which so many American enthusiasts are aroused by anything from France. This film should teach me better sense, if anything since Clair's best films can. Whether or not I like my company, I have a standing love affair with a good deal that is French—particularly the French mass as understood by the least affected of the French intelligentsia—and this film reawakened me to the fact.

"Goupi" is a comic melodrama—or perhaps a lightly tragic farce—about a family of wrangling, innocently cruel, frustrated, strongly individualistic peasants. Some of the characters are as salient as those of comic strips; none lose truthfulness or depth through this; all are with tender, sober adroitness graded, controlled, and modulated between different levels of caricature and of limpid, always poetic realism. Like most French films, this one is basically nearer literature than movie; but, like many, it is always supple, quick, and expressive visually and in its use of dialogue and sound; and, again like many, it makes even the best American work look childish so far as reverence for and skill with character and background and atmosphere are concerned. At times the picture goes so wild that it suggests Gogol or Erskine Caldwell—or, simply, that rural life is at once the most localized and the most universal, and that its pine-knot paroxysms of grotesqueness are among the most endearing, even noblest, of its characteristics. But as a whole, and more intensely, gently, and richly, it embodies France. There is no evidence, good or bad, that Pierre Very, who wrote the picture, or Jacques Becker, who directed it, were trying to

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do anything "great." Perhaps for that reason, among many others, I thought it wiser, more beautiful, and much more fun than nine out of ten masterpieces, written or filmed.

"Murder, My Sweet" should have been mentioned in last year's listing, too. So should Edward Dmytryk's next picture, "Cornered." "Murder, My Sweet" gave a Raymond Chandler story the combination of skinned knuckles and big-city sentience proper to it; "Cornered," without losing much if any force as melodrama, is much more elaborate, self-assured, and ambitious. I have never been in Buenos Aires, and I have known few fascists or even people who pretended to be or thought they were—though I know any number who think they aren't—but in casting, business, setting, and, with few exceptions, writing and costuming the picture consistently convinced and excited me. One beautiful little bit, of an old waiter's silent reaction when he is questioned too closely for his own safety, suggests that the only serious problem about intelligence, even subtlety, on the screen, is inventing it; for it got a yell of understanding and joy from an audience at the Palace. Dick Powell, with a Bogart haircut, sometimes works a little too conspicuously at being The New Dick Powell ("rougher, tougher, and more terrific," as the billboards not very helpfully insist). But on the whole, perhaps because he still looks less official, less highly paid to look small-bracket, and less superhuman and bound-to-win-out, I think he is even better, just now, for this sort of role, than the Founder himself.

Next Week in *The Nation*

Midwinter Book Review

FRENCH EXISTENTIALISM
By Hannah Arendt

•

"THE COMPLETE WRITINGS OF THOMAS PAINE"
An Essay by Perry Miller

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NOTES BY THE WAY
By Margaret Marshall

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NEW POEMS
By Robert Lowell

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STUART CHASE REVIEWS
"Rival Partners" by Keith Hutchison

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"Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad"
by Frederick L. Schuman

•

Other Reviews by Randall Jarrell, Lionel Trilling, Keith Hutchison. . . . Briefer Comments by Albert Guérard, Rolfe Humphries, George F. Whicher, and others.

•

DRAMA, MUSIC, ART
By Joseph Wood Krutch, B. H. Haggin, Clement Greenberg

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

THE BACH READER" (Norton, $6) is a collection of source material documenting the life, career, and achievements of Bach that are summarized in an excellent opening section by the editors, Hans T. David and Arthur Mendel. The material includes Bach's own letters, reports, petitions, and so on, extracts from official records, writings of contemporaries, Forkel's monograph, and statements of later men as Bach's music began to be known and to achieve its present status. Some of it makes dull reading; but much of it is extremely interesting and enlightening.

For one thing it establishes the fact that Bach's powers were fully appreciated by all his contemporaries who had contact with his music: in his own place and time he was famous and honored. It also enables us to understand the limitations of that place and time. The place was the fairly large portion of Germany in which he went about and made his music known; where he did not go his music was not known, since the period was one in which publication of music—to say nothing of more recent means of communication—had not yet replaced the composer himself as the disseminator of his music; and where it was not known Bach's music could not be appreciated.

Moreover, when he died there were not widespread published copies of his works to keep them alive; but one reason why so little of Bach's output was printed was the prevailing idea of a composer as a mere musical craftsman working solely for the immediate moment. "The composer of Bach's time was hardly more concerned with posthumous fame than the medieval artist had been. The cantatas and Passions Bach performed year in and year out in the Thomas-Kirche or the Nicolai-Kirche were mostly of his own composition. Bach had good reason to assume that his successors would not perform the works he wrote any more frequently than he performed compositions written by his predecessors; and indeed his works were as promptly laid aside when he died as theirs had been." And yet so strong was the impression he made on his contemporaries that "the memory of his work lingered on . . . occasionally his name was mentioned, occasionally a fugue subject was quoted, or a canon or even an entire fugue reprinted";

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when Mozart visited Leipzig forty years after Bach's death the Cantor of the Thomas-Schule had the choir sing Bach's motet "Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied" for him; and "before those who personally knew Bach had all passed away, a reversal set in."

There was also the fact that Bach continued to work in the polyphonic style and forms of his predecessors even after composers and public had turned away from counterpoint toward a simple melodic style; and although he absorbed elements of the new style into his own, his art remained an essentially contrapuntal one, of which "the very basis for understanding . . . was swept away." The reversal I have mentioned set in only when composers like Haydn and Mozart began again to "create structures of balanced complexity, and the audience learned to appreciate them."

"The Diaries of Tchaikovsky," translated from the Russian, with notes, by Wladimir Lakond (Norton, $4), cover the years 1873 to 1891. They are, with two important exceptions, mere jottings that are impossible to read continuously; and the person who wishes to use them for reference purposes will find himself handicapped by the absence of an index. The two exceptions are Diaries 8 and 11: the first a brief supplementary record of more extended—and sharply perceptive—thoughts at intervals during the years 1886, 1887, and 1888; the second a no less perceptive record of his experiences during his visit to this country in 1891 for the opening of Carnegie Hall in New York.

"Mendelssohn's Letters," edited by G. Selden-Goth (Pantheon; $4.50), are full of personal and literary grace and references to the legendary personages of his time that should have held me fascinated from the first page to the last. But I found myself unable to keep my mind on them in continuous reading; and when I tried looking up particular references to what interested me, the statements about Berlioz stopped me from going any further.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Protest in Manila

Dear Sirs: Last night I witnessed a glowing testament to what Americans can do and what America can be. In the shadow of the ruins of the Philippine Legislative Building 20,000 soldiers gathered to raise their protest against the miserable output of double talk that had assailed their ears ever since the surrender of Japan and Germany.

They had been told by people in high places not to demonstrate, not to make their feelings known so publicly. Why? Because "it would set a bad example to the Philippine people, who have problems of their own." And the soldiers hurled their answer back: "What better example could be shown these people than this magnificent display of the democratic process in action? What better living example of how democratic people act and feel?"

It would be an exaggeration to say that all these men had aims and ideals beyond their immediate desire to "go home," but it is to the everlasting credit of the speakers that the problem was set forth in larger and more meaningful terms. Almost everyone of them asked the right questions, clearly, surely, intelligently. These men wanted to know why Americans should be involved in the internal affairs of countries with which we were not at war. Again and again it was stressed that we did not propose to turn our backs on the world in a stupid and dangerous isolationism, but that it seemed strangely incompatible with many of the things we had been told we were fighting for to see an American division training to quell political unrest in a country to which we had so recently promised independence. They asked: Why are American troops in China, and why are American troops in Java? Is it because we soldiers were caught in a net of political finagling, inspired in the main by reactionary economic and political interests?

Again and again the speakers called attention to the promises, contradictions, double talk, and "circumstances have altered conditions" that have plagued us ever since the initial War Department policy was enunciated. The now famous "I don't know" of Secretary Patterson came in for resounding hoots and catcalls.

We were citizen soldiers, soldier citizens, flexing our muscles and minds in preparation for the democracy that we are going to be an integral part of.

I fear that this is a completely inadequate attempt to capture the spirit of last night's meeting. But I was dismayed at the coverage given it by U. P. and A. P. They completely neglected the political implications present in the meeting, which I felt were of primary importance. They seemed to treat it as merely a big get-together of angry G. I.'s out for a crack at the army. It was that, surely, but it was much more —and that should be stressed.

T/5 MENDY WEISGAL

Manila, January 8

Report from Holland

Dear Sirs: I have been a physician over forty years here in Tiel, our small town on the large River Waal.

In September, 1944, when the battle of Arnhem began, we hoped soon to be free from the German yoke. Things went otherwise. A difficult time began. All the inhabitants of Tiel had to sleep in their cellars, for fear of the shells. Then the evacuation began; we had to leave our town with only the most necessary luggage.

I shall never forget how just on this day, a year ago, when walking from my evacuation village to a small neighboring village, to go to church there, we met a train of open farmers' carts, all loaded with people from Tiel, mothers with their children in their arms, sitting on their trunks, the men and boys walking beside them, all driving to an unknown future on the frosty morning of Christmas, 1944.

On May 5 war was over, and the hunger period was ended by the sending of food through our Allied friends and through the Red Crosses of many countries. Soon we could return to Tiel. Many people found their houses burned up, or ruined and shattered. And they who found their houses still habitable had first to clean them from all the filth the Germans left there, and saw that much of their furniture was broken

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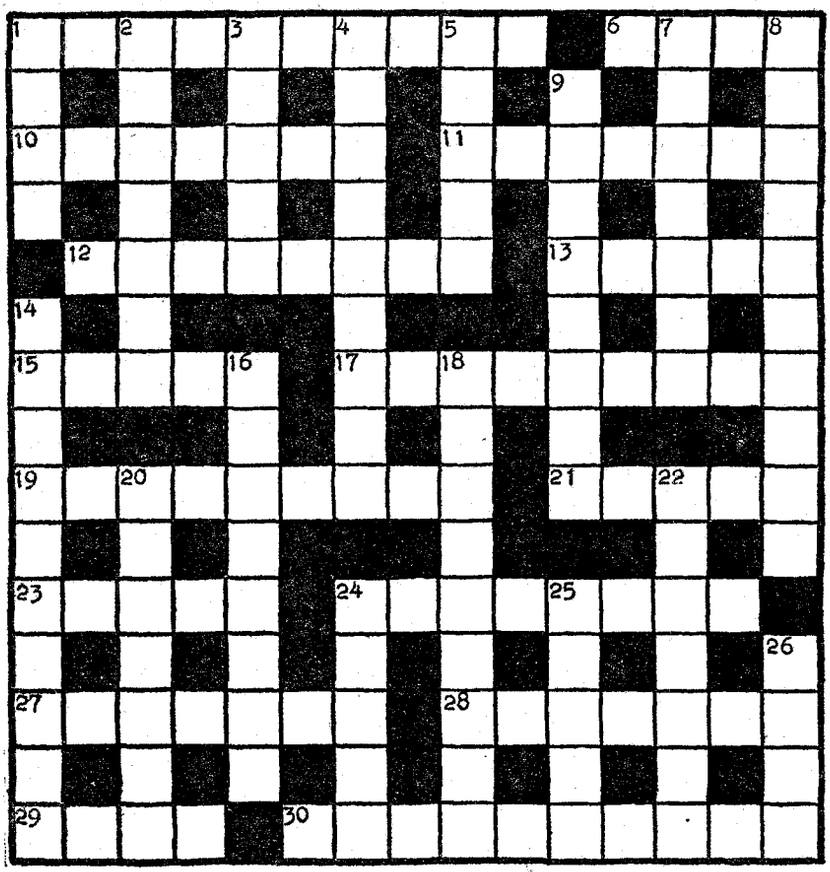
Crossword Puzzle No. 148

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Do lions eat? (anag.)
6 Entertainment essential to many games
10 Give Dad some cereal. It's cracker-jack!
11 The last generation loved to have a game with this old top
12 Comic character you know
13 Like the head on near-beer there's nothing in it
15 One Charlotte, and a tasty dish!
17 Go in alone (anag.)
19 The most adorable of the fair sex
21 Longfellow relates her story in *The Golden Legend*
23 The soldier gets furlough, but the sailor gets this
24 A rendering that meets with no approval
27 Sue live here? She's hard to find
28 Tradesman more likely to be popular if there's plenty of meat on his bones
29 "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the ----"
30 Hinged weapons? (two words, 6 & 4)

DOWN

1 Underworld argot for pickpockets
2 Only London building that is really in character, according to architects (two words, 2 & 5)
3 "All hell broke -----," as Milton succinctly puts it
4 Set ten men to build apartment houses
5 Ancient, and sounds like an ancient
7 A.1. rooms for lovers abroad
8 Celebrity seeker who is likely to be greeted with a roar (two words, 4 & 6)
9 Adolescent affection (hyphen, 4-4)
14 Where the public flock to see the hangings (two words, 3 & 7)
16 The science of interpretation as revealed by six geese
18 Where the natives live (two words, 6 & 3)
20 Bram Stoker's famous (infamous?) Count
22 Seems to make me short—of breath, of course
24 Look out for the drink swindle in this Illinois town
25 Fed up
26 There are degrees of ability in these

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 147

ACROSS:—1 BALDRIC; 5 COMICAL; 9 MISTRAL; 10 ATTAINS; 11 LEAPT; 12 EXPLOSIVE; 14 ANNE; 15 TERRACE; 18 SEC; 20 LAD; 21 TWO-HAND; 23 CHOW; 26 INDELIBLE; 28 EXCEL; 29 ILLUDES; 30 PIERROT; 31 GUARDED; 32 PETTISH.

DOWN:—1 BUMBLE; 2 LASCAR; 3 RURITANIA; 4 COLLEGE; 5 COALPIT; 6 MOTTO; 7 CRIMINAL; 8 LESSENED; 13 YEW; 16 ROOSEVELT; 17 CAP; 18 STRIKING; 19 CORDELIA; 22 DEBASED; 23 CREEP UP; 24 OCTROI; 25 FLITCH; 27 LADED.

or stolen. Most of the clothes were worn out to rags and on others is endless mending. Some things begin to come again, but still many things are lacking. Fuel is very scarce this winter, and warm clothes are often failing.

May I mention to you some articles which are failing in many families?

Needles, pins, black and white bobbins of thread, wool, silk, and cotton to mend socks and stockings, socks and stockings, bootlaces (brown or black), drawing pins, razor blades (the little knives to use in Gillette), scissors, pocket knives, hammers and pincers, matches, suspenders, sock upholders, loose soles, and shoes to put under boots; elastic, tooth brushes, sponges, and combs.

Everybody at Tiel got a new pair of American shoes happily; the greater part of Holland walks on leaking shoes. Tea is very seldom distributed and much appreciated, as well as pipes for smoking.

Packages can also be sent to Mr. N. F. Cambier van Nooten, town-mayor of Tiel, Holland. We shall take care that packages are given to families where they are most wanted.

J. G. TER BRAAK

Tiel, Holland, December 25

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